

PART 437.

THE

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LEISURE HOUR



MAY, 1888.

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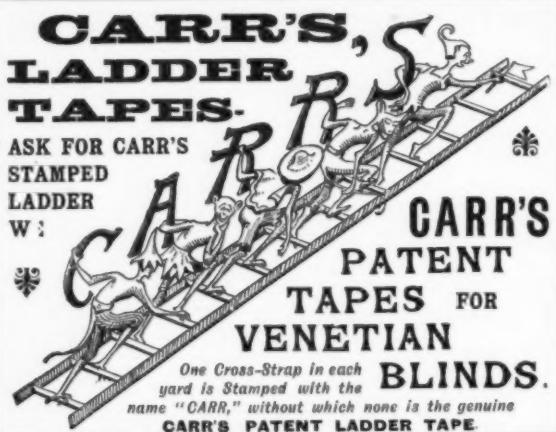
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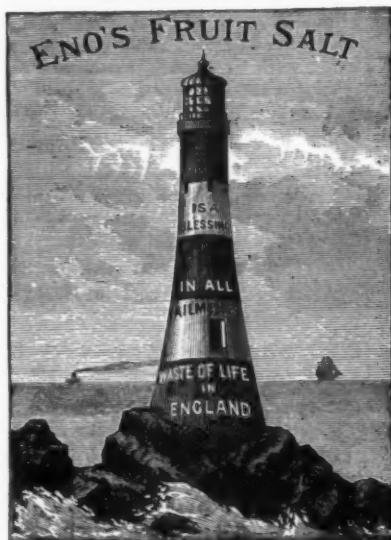
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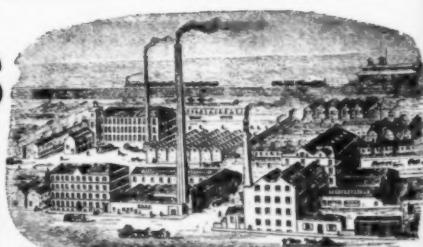
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THE FISHER'S LASS.

GREAT-GRANDMAMMA SEVERN.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "THE CHILCOTES, ETC."

CHAPTER XV.—HARRY'S EYES ARE OPENED.



WHAT COULD HE DO BUT OPEN THE DOOR FOR HER ?

HARRY'S situation was, indeed, one deserving of pity. He had come to Richmond when he was summoned there in a beautifully philosophic mood, sweetly resigned to accept the wife provided for him by a meddlesome old grandmother, and determined to make an irreproachable husband. Marriage was to be his career, his profession, and he meant to fulfil his share of the partnership honourably. He had had his mental prevision of the meeting, of his cousin's appearance—a counterpart of Letty, with an added seriousness; darker—some one had said she was dark—and plainer. It had certainly been hinted that she was quiet, and without her sister's sparkle.

Possibly Letty herself was the artist who drew this outline. Harry did not much care, he had not warmed his imagination over a cousin; for some one else's cousin, indeed, he might have summoned a little ardour, but one could not make

much ado over one's own flesh and blood. He was resigned, as has been said, and willing to be led by circumstance—especially when circumstance promised to lead to a comfortable provision for life. He was a gracelessly supine and lazy young fellow, but possibly, too, since our motives have generally a leaven of good in them—possibly a touch of chivalry, pity, and fellow-feeling had made him willing to befriend the young girl whom his grandmother represented as in need of a protector, a home, and an income.

He had prefigured her embarrassment, and he meant to smile it away, to save her from a single self-reproach, by the kindness and friendliness of his behaviour.

Where, then, had vanished the plain and coy little cousin? and how came this dark and haughty beauty in her place—this stately woman with the deep, strange eyes, the level, frowning brows, the

lips that took no trouble to hide their scorn and disdain? Was the scorn for him?

In that illuminating moment his perception of the situation was too complete for him to escape a strong sense of humiliation. All his patronising plans and intentions seemed to be exposed to her contempt, and to turn hideous under it; his easy phrases died in his throat; he felt physically and mentally small—and he looked it.

"How now!" cried the old lady, maliciously; "not a word for each other? It is the fashion to be dissident, perhaps" (she looked at Judith with a smiling good-humour), "but I am a barbarian, with my manners of other times. Give me your arm to the table, grandson, we will see whether eating and drinking cannot enliven us and loosen our tongues."

Thus challenged, Harry rallied his courage. We all remember how one famous German tells us of his first meeting with another immortal, and how at the sight of his hero all his ideas and sentiments deserted him. Harry, too, fronted with his heroine, was betrayed into the most puerile imbecilities.

"How do you like Richmond, cousin?" he asked, unable to light on anything more brilliant.

"Here," cried the old lady, "you may sit on my right hand, Harry, since you are the guest, and, Judith, here is a place for you on my left. You can examine each other, if you will not talk. How does she like Richmond? Must I answer for you, child?"

"I have had little time to prove it yet," Judith said, speaking quietly, and with less of scorn than had lurked in her looks.

The confusion in her cousin's face disarmed her; he had the grace to be ashamed.

"She is waiting for your escort, Harry"—great-grandmamma was inexorable. "You must gallant her to all the sights, then perhaps she will be able to give you an opinion."

"If she will give me the privilege," murmured the young man. He glanced across at the dark, proud beauty, and wished she would look at him with eyes that were kinder.

"The view from the terrace is very fine," he said, stumbling into deeper depths of common-place, "and there is the river and the park."

"Yes, yes," nodded the old lady, "you may spare us the other chapters of your guide-book, my dear; we will excuse you the historical allusions; we know that you are very well qualified to be showman. Perhaps you will tell us next that the river view is finer still by moonlight?"

"I don't think I know it under those conditions," said Harry, looking and feeling like a fool.

"Then I recommend you to lose no time in making yourself acquainted with it." She looked at him archly.

"I will go if my cousin will go with me," he said, gathering boldness.

"If my grandmother desires it." Judith spoke with some haughtiness. "Everything here is settled for me."

"Ah, yes," Lady Severn flashed a sharp look at the girl, "she is an obedient child though she

looks so saucy, Harry, and she does whatever her old granny thinks is best. It is refreshing to meet with so much meekness and compliance. She will go with you, Harry, this very night. The moon is obliging enough to shine on purpose. Fill me a glass of wine, my dear, and I will drink to the success of your little expedition."

"And now, children, I will leave you to entertain each other while I take my nap. Ring for Farthing, Harry. Judith, you will take my place if you please, and keep your cousin's appetite company."

Harry began a murmured protest, but she waved him off with a gay hand.

"I'm but a poor picker, my dear, and you must not curb your hunger to suit my want of it. Here is my jailer come to carry me off, and when I have had my little sleep, you shall come and talk to me, Harry. Adieu, my children: be happy together."

She left them with her sprightliest air—left them to their embarrassment.

Judith seated herself in her grandmother's vacant place with a sort of proud helplessness that would have amused Harry if he had been capable of amusement. He had thought himself equal to most social emergencies, but here was one that conquered him.

He declined the pudding she offered him with the air of a queen, but he accepted cheese in a kind of desperation.

"May I not give you some?"

"No, thank you."

Silence again. He made another plunge; in his heavy embarrassment he sought vainly for something better to say than,

"I'm afraid you find this a great change after Paris?"

"Yes, a great change in every way." Judith kept her eyes on her empty plate.

"I wish she would look up," he said to himself, "she has glorious eyes, if they were but kinder."

"I saw Letty yesterday," he remarked, aloud.

"Did you?" her tone had a faint interest.

("There! I've made her look at me," Harry to himself.)

"Yes; I thought you would like the very latest news of her."

Her listening pause encouraged him to add,

"She is very well and cheerful; she was about to set out to the private view at the Grosvenor, there was to be a tea afterwards; an artistic tea, I believe, flavoured with the freshest criticisms." He felt he was getting on swimmingly, for Judith's face expressed a grave interest.

"Letty was revelling in the prospect of all the new gowns and bonnets evolved for the occasion."

"Did she not talk of coming here—to see me?"

What would he not have given to be able to slip out a glib affirmative? It was a moment when he was not enamoured of the truth. If he had presented it in its nakedness it would have run thus:

"Tell Judy she must come to see me if she wants to remember she has a sister. They won't lock her up, will they, till she gives her consent?"

They would lock *me* up, very likely, if I went there! I'm not going to be insulted by Granny, or Granny's mouthpiece, Farthing. It's all very well for Judy, who is only a girl, but I'm a married woman!"

Harry had laughed lazily at this protest, but he found it unconvincing now.

"She didn't speak of it"—he sacrificed himself reluctantly on the altar of veracity—"but if you would like to see her, I will go to town with the greatest pleasure and escort her. Do let me," he added, persuasively; "it is nothing—a capital way of spending the afternoon, and she will come, whenever she knows that you wish it." He was privately less convinced of Letty's willingness, but he put a bold front on it.

"Thank you," said Judith, turning away her head and showing him the oval of her cheek and the stately curve of her neck; "but there is no necessity for that. I am writing to her. If you really wish to eat nothing more you will perhaps excuse me while I go and finish my letter for post."

What could he do but jump up to open the door for her? He had no power to keep her against her will when she chose to exercise it, and he had an uncomfortable suspicion that she would often so choose. His vanity was piqued by the coldness of her behaviour; he would have preferred the plain, meek little cousin of his imagination, who would have been grateful for his smiles.

When he had closed the door on her departing skirts he came back to the table and drank off his glass of wine. The room looked strangely empty, and even the haughty Severns on the walls seemed to withdraw themselves farther into their frames and turn away their eyes from this inadequate lover.

"Harry Severn," the young man addressed himself with some bitterness, "you're a fool, and it's perhaps just as well you should know it. If you had found it out a little sooner you'd never have come here."

CHAPTER XVI.—AN EXPERIMENT IN FRIENDSHIP.

IT was an awkward situation, let one say what one will to the contrary, and Master Harry was left to explore the full depths of his embarrassment during a lonely afternoon when Great-grandmamma slumbered and Judith was invisible, and even Teddy, who might have proved a refuge from a too great self-consciousness, was prancing on his little horse under the admiring eyes of the whole nursery population of the terrace.

Harry smoked a great many cigars over it, and now took the situation whimsically, now wrathfully. For the first time Winter's indignant incredulity had a meaning for his brain; Winter's looks interpreted themselves aright.

"He thinks me a conceited ass, a vain and presumptuous fool, rushing in where angels fear to tread, and all the rest of it."

He kicked the gravel savagely, as if he had

heard the words uttered in his ear. It was as if he had been commanded to come and woo a mortal maiden and found in her stead an austere goddess—a Diana who has forsaken love.

He would have been a great deal bolder even than he was—and he had a tolerable share of courage—if he had felt himself equal to the occasion. He knew very well what was expected of him, and for what purpose he had been summoned so imperiously from town. Very likely the old lady, waking from her slumbers, would consider the thing already done. She had left the pair alone on purpose, and not even her eighty years of practice had enabled her to hide that purpose under the airiest garment of words. She had as good as said to Harry, "Stay and propose to your cousin." And on Judith she had practically laid her command: "Remain to be proposed to."

You cannot alternate passionate declarations with spoonfuls of pudding, however, and it is not on record that any one ever put the momentous question while the lady of his desires was frigidly offering him cheese. When the cheese had been eaten Judith disappeared, and she did not reappear.

Doubtless there was intention in her absence. It was a very sufficient way of announcing to him that she did not intend to listen to him. And he could not much wonder, now that he had seen her. If she had been a coquette, he thought, she would have appeared at a window, probably in some bewitching costume; she would have hovered at some tantalising distance where she could be seen but not conversed with. But you might quite as justly call Farthing a coquette. If it comes to that, the only coquette in the neighbourhood was the old lady who would summon him presently to give an account of his love-making. If she had been the shy and blushing schoolgirl of his imagination he would have found it very easy to say pretty things to her, and perhaps even to mean them. He had said pretty things to girls before now, and gave himself credit for some skill in the art. But who could hope to stir the pulses of a Diana with a neatly-turned phrase? He would have been bold indeed who made the attempt.

Harry had the summer garden all to himself, and the companionship of his melancholy thoughts for society. It was in vain that he confounded himself and wished himself out of the "mess"—that he even entertained dreams of summary flight; the hour and the moment arrived when the sound of Granny's tinkling bell came to him as the message of fate.

She was very kind to him and gave him tea out of the most delicate cups, serving him with her own pretty little white hands. Being a man—or passing at least for one—she was naturally more ready to be gracious.

"Well?" she questioned, "and what tale have you to tell of yourself? How have you passed the hours that I have to surrender to sleep?"

"I wish I had surrendered them to sleep too," said Harry, with genuine earnestness; "it would have saved me a considerable amount of bore-dom."

"Did you not, then, like the companion I provided?"

"I had no companion but my own thoughts, and they were not too flattering."

"Judith has escaped you then?" The old lady gave a light little laugh.

"I don't know if you can call it escape, since I didn't pursue. She simply retired, and has remained invisible; in these circumstances even you, Granny, could scarcely have made an avowal of your passion."

"Pooh!" said the old lady, with smiling contempt; "if you had had a spark of spirit, grandson, you would have devised some mode of detaining her. A woman likes to show her power, but what she loves even more is to be mastered."

"I think Judith must have been born to prove the truth of that rule by an exception. As for me, I'm afraid you've pitched on the wrong man if you want a conquering hero."

"You are certainly not very impressive," she answered, with good-humoured derision; "but there are some who will count that among your virtues. As for the grand passion, I had understood it had gone out of fashion in your generation, and that nobody dreamed of owning an emotion. The love passages, so far as I can make out, are all left to the novelists, and a tiresome business they make of them; you may dispense with them in your courtship, Harry. If I know anything of my granddaughter it will prosper all the better for lack of them."

"I think, on the whole," said Harry, softly, "it would be about as easy, and possibly as pleasant, to make love to that hideous old statue down yonder in the garden. The Silence would at least confine her contempt to looks."

He knew he was not to be allowed to get off; but for the remainder of that day, at least, nothing was demanded of him.

Judith did not reappear till dinner-time, and the moon—as if it sided with her, retired behind a cloud, so that even great-grandmamma's inventive faculty failed to find an excuse for an evening stroll.

Next day, however, the opportunity which comes to all presented itself to Harry. His Diana appeared in the late afternoon, walking in the neglected part of the garden. He had himself quitted it for the terrace under the windows; but from that higher point he was quick to spy the flutter of her hat-ribbon as she seated herself on the moss-grown slab over which the Silence presided.

He held parley with himself for a moment of irresolution, and then he took his courage in both hands, and went towards her. He reflected with admirable resignation that the mischief was done, and that nothing was now left but to make the best of it.

Judith, too, had tutored herself into a condition of passable philosophy, and she glanced up at his approach from the book she was reading, or making a pretence of reading.

There was no invitation in her eyes, so he did not presume to seat himself beside her, but he found it still more impossible to pose in front of

her. The costume of the nineteenth century does not lend itself to picturesque attitudes, and in such circumstances a man is at the mercy of his legs, and seldom fails to discover he is not an Adonis.

Harry solved the difficulty by lying down on the blossom-sprinkled turf at her feet.

"I don't think that is very wise, so early in the season," said Judith the motherly, bound to rescue even an unwelcome lover from the imprudence of his deeds.

"It is my proper place—at your feet."

There had been a faint movement on her part, as if she would have yielded him place at her side, but at these bold words she stiffened and drew up her neck.

"I only meant that the grass was damp," she said, coldly, letting her eyes fall again on the open page which, it is very certain, she was not reading.

"Thank you," said Harry, "I don't think I can hurt." He took his snubbing meekly, and did not even venture to look up at her, though she sat so near him; he stared between the openings of the trees at the bit of radiant sky, and once he looked at the ancient Silence, and in her backward glance he seemed to intercept a smile.

But when Judith reached up a hand, and plucking a young leaf from a branch nodding over her, placed it for a mark in her book, he felt he must do or say something to arrest her evidently intended flight.

"Cousin Judith," he said, and his voice had the winning quality of plaintive gentleness that has an appeal for some women, "may I talk to you a little—if you do not feel the chill of this April air? Shall we follow the sunshine, or would you prefer to walk?"

"I do not feel cold," she said; and though her tone was unencouraging, he took this for a tacit permission. But before he could frame any words her sincerity, which had had a struggle with her womanly modesty, conquered.

"There is one subject on which I cannot listen to you," she said.

"I think I know what that is;" he drew a quick breath, and the colour mounted in his fair face. "I am forbidden to talk to you of love."

"To talk of it!" she repeated, in low-voiced scorn; "to talk of it would be to perjure yourself and to dishonour me."

Harry, still leaning an elbow on the grass, looked up, but he only took the listening Silence into his councils. "Would it be perjury, indeed?"

The Silence smiled as if she knew better.

"I am not so presumptuous," he said, "as to come with any claim at all. But ours is an odd position—an abnormal position—and I think we've everything to gain by being frank with one another."

Judith bent forward with a sudden motion of unrestrained hope. Was he going to release her? Then she leaned back again. He could not release her. Commands were laid on him to speak and on her to hear.

"I have a confession to make to you," he went on, in the same subdued tones, "and I beg you to hear me, even if I seem to speak in self-defence. Before I saw you—when I was in London—when

I journeyed here yesterday—up, indeed, to the moment you came into the room—I had thought in my folly that it would be easy to fall in with the wishes of the head of the house—”

“And now you find that it is not easy,” she said, filling in his pause a little bitterly; “you have found that out at last!”

“I did not know you before: that is my only plea.”

“And how much do you know of me now?” she questioned, with a suppressed fire in her voice. “You have seen me for something less than two days; we have exchanged, perhaps, half a dozen sentences.”

“A man may discover in two hours, much less two days, that he has been a presumptuous fool. Your six sentences have been quite sufficient to teach me my lesson, Cousin Judith.”

“Ah,” she retorted, and she may be pardoned some bitterness, “you took my consent for granted.”

“I hoped I might some day deserve it,” he was beginning, but she would not listen; she had something to say first.

“I at least had a motive that might have urged me to listen,” she said; “but you—whose claims had you to consider but your own? whose ends save your own to serve? You want to speak frankly, you say. Very well, I too will be frank. You were willing to marry me because of the income that would come to you by marriage. You thought that I, too, would put money and position before everything, and that I would join my life to yours—that I would give up all my hopes of happiness into your keeping, and surrender myself to you, about whom I neither know nor can know anything? I have been used to think of marriage as of something a little more sacred than a mere bargain or business transaction. I have no wish to buy a husband, and you degraded me when you held me capable of wishing it.”

“You forget,” he said, stung into retort, “the business transaction, as you call it, was none of my arranging.”

“Ah,” she said, “if I were a man—if I had a man’s hands or a man’s brain—a man’s ability to make a place for himself in the world—I would let no one arrange my life for me; I would jealously have guarded my privilege of choosing my life’s companion, no bribe would have tempted me to surrender it.”

“You are very unsparing.”

“Yes, I think I am; I can find no excuse for you.”

“I find none for myself since I have seen you.”

He could not tell her that he had been prepared for her acquiescence—had been assured of it. It seemed too monstrous a statement for credence; it was an insult to her to have counted on her unconditional capitulation. She was not the shy little person of his complacent imaginings—the little woman whom even he might good-naturedly shield. Diana needs no protector, and it has not been recorded of the haughty beauty that she was induced to come to terms by the offer of an income and a house in town. It was a moment of some bitterness to the young man, who saw his own in-

significance a little too plainly for his continued comfort.

He bent his head under her scorn. She had spoken unsparingly out of the fierceness of her hot impulse, and her words would have had an edge of bad taste in any other but one so unsophisticated, of so unenlightened a simplicity. She had always said what she thought, and why not now, in the sharpest crisis of her life?

As for Harry, his feelings took several shapes. He could not decide whether he were pleased or displeased by the novelty and unexpectedness of the attack. There was a great deal, beyond her beauty, that was unexpected in this girl, and that of itself lent a piquancy to the situation not counted on by him. On the other hand he was too idle a lover of peace to have any sympathy with vehement or impetuous feeling. On the whole he rather recoiled from it, a trifle disgusted, if the truth were told. He let the stream of life carry him where it would, and toss him to this harbour or that as it listed. While he reflected on her words, dimly conscious that they had bruised him, a small vein of humour crept into his musings and turned the scene under the blossoming trees into a little comedy. That he should be belaboured, pelted, stoned with the iniquity of his motives—he who had been in his own thought so benevolent and complacent a lover—there was something queer in that.

To Judith, upon whose high-held head the same wandering spring snows drifted, whom the same spent wind caressed with languid breaths, it was all tragedy, and there was thus an unbridged gulf between their minds.

She remained motionless, sitting erect, still wrought on by the tenseness of her mood, and when he looked at her, and read the depth of her feeling in her moved face, his own sobered, the smile died out of it.

“Judith,” he said, gently, “you will let me finish what I was saying? I came here thinking it would be easy to gratify my grandmother by yielding my wishes to hers, because I was vain enough to think I could satisfy all that was expected of me. I am an easy-going fellow, and I don’t think I would have made a bad husband to the sort of girl I had pictured my cousin to be. The real Judith has convinced me of my folly in supposing I could hope to please her at once.”

“I have said there can be no question of pleasing between us,” she said, coldly. “Why should you strive after the impossible?”

“Because I desire not to believe it impossible.”

“Yet it is impossible.”

“Not if you give me time—time and a little patience.”

“We could never respect each other,” she said, with sad decision.

He glanced at her a little in wonder at her strange, girlish morbidity; the puritanic rigidity that coloured all her thoughts. This odd combination of primitive emotions and womanly dignity began to have an attraction for him.

“Yes, we could,” he combated stoutly. “Many couples join in partnership without more capital than we, and end in great wealth.”

"Not people who marry each other simply for gain."

"Yes, even for that. It is quite a respectable motive, and it has the sanction of fashion. It is preached by all the matrons of Mayfair and Belgravia, and it is practised obediently by the maidens. It does as well as another—to begin with."

Judith turned away her neck with a curve expressive of the utmost disdain. She did not choose to notice his frivolity in words. She gathered a light shawl she wore about her shoulders, and prepared to rise and go from him; but he sprang up with a beseeching look.

"Don't leave me unforgiven to my repentance," he said. "Hear me out. If I have spoken lightly it is because it is easier to me to take things so, and not because I feel lightly. It's a queer tangle, and it does not make it straighter for us to pull a long face over it. We have begun at the wrong end; we are trying the impossible, as you said. Let us make another bargain, Judith, since you insist on the commercial view; let us forget all this, and begin at the beginning."

"How can we forget it? Do you suppose we shall be allowed to forget it?"

"No, I don't." He lifted his brows whimsically. "The pound of flesh will be exacted, undoubtedly, but there is one thing that makes it easier for us."

She waited tentatively.

"We are cousins; let us fall back on our cousinhood, nothing can alter that. I remember the time when we were friends as well."

"I do not."

"Ah, you were kinder to me then," he said, with a smile for the austere sincerity that would not permit even a seeming acquiescence in this statement. "We were playfellows; we took our walks hand in hand."

"That is all a long time ago, if it ever was at all," she said, repressing him severely. "What we have got to do with is the present."

"And in the present I see I must not even plead for your friendship. At least, Judith, let us not be enemies."

"I am not your enemy." She caught up her shawl and her book. Her haughtiness melted of a sudden into a strange, troubled wistfulness. "Forgive me if I have hurt you," she said, with a most winning contrition, "I have hurt myself still more, and I think—if it had not been for this—" she ended, brokenly, "I could have been very glad to have been your friend still."

With that she turned from him, and almost before he missed her she had slid between the trees and disappeared.

He sat down on the seat she had vacated, and went over all the particulars of their interview, from its stormy opening to this blissful glimpse of a truce with which it ended.

He found it piquant and stimulating; his blood ran brisker in his veins, his heart—his well-regulated heart—kept a merrier time. He could not even now share Judith's tragic view of their relations, but he found its expression on her lips interesting.

"I wonder if she has got a bad temper?" he asked himself, remembering the wrath of her dark eyes. He was himself of an almost imperturbable good-nature—the result, no doubt, of a perfect digestion, an accommodating conscience, and a general tendency to skim the surface of feeling rather than sound its depths, but even the most amiable person objects to be shattered.

"I hope she will reconsider her decision, and consent to be friends," he said, as she rose at the end of his meditation. "She is very splendid—this Diana—and when she looks at one as she did just now, it seems possible that one might worship her without perjuring oneself."

He appeared to address the flying, yet reluctant, Silence, and surely this time there was mocking mirth in her defaced smile as she turned a shoulder alike on him and on the leering Pan.

Judith's interpretation of friendship was, however, too meagre to satisfy even his modest desires.

At dinner, Great-grandmamma, who had possibly witnessed the interview under the trees, and from a distance Harry's attitude may well have seemed to old eyes satisfactorily lover-like—was in very gay spirits, and did not fail to remind the alien pair of their unfulfilled evening tryst.

"The moon favours you at last," she said; "if I were not so old I would go with you, children. You don't want me, Harry, that is what you would say, sir?"

"Indeed, Granny, I would not say anything of the kind," he protested. "I should like of all things to go with you; I know you would make a charming companion."

"Ah, you feel yourself safe"—she shook a finger at him—"and so you can afford to say a pretty thing to an old woman whose moonlit days are all over—all over. Make use of your youth while it lasts!" she cried, with a sudden touch of pathos—"it goes, it goes, and your chances will not come back again."

A pagan pointing a moral. Judith listened with a grave face that had no assent in it.

When Harry had taken his solitary glass of wine and sighingly denied himself a cigar, he passed into the great dreary drawing-room, and there he found her alone, standing by the window. For a moment he fancied she was waiting for him, and his heart gave a gratified throb; then he saw that she wore her evening dress, and had no signs of preparedness for the outer world about her. The room was almost dark at this part of it, save for that outer radiance of which so much had been said.

"Will you allow me to go with you and do my showman's part?" he said, with becoming humility.

"I am not going," she turned upon him. Then she added, a trifle defiantly,

"I never said I would."

"Then how," said he, with a whimsical smile, "shall we account to our grandmother for this reckless waste of our youthful chances?"

"You may do as you choose," she said, and she added, with severity, "if you promised to go, of course you must."

"What, alone?" he said, disconsolately.

"Don't you think that is carrying uncousinliness—not to say unfriendliness—too far?"

But whatever she thought, or he thought, it was alone that he went after all; and he found consolation for the vague disappointment he suffered in the no longer forbidden cigar.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE RACK IS APPLIED.

HARRY had still to render an account of his actions to the imperious lady of the mansion, however, and that bad quarter of an hour faced him on the following morning. Its shadow rested on him hauntingly while he sat opposite Judith at breakfast, and made all the remarks appropriate to the occasion. He extolled the fineness of the morning, and he was also pleased to commend the coffee and the arrangement of the flowers on the table. She joined issue with him in his praises, but it was with a gravity that took the heart out of the whole business, and left him without a resource.

He would have liked to laugh, but the fear of rebuke held him silent. It is quite certain that if ever Judith and he were married, "a difference of taste in jokes" would militate sadly against their peace. He did not make any progress with her, and he knew it. She had allowed him to taste the moonlit beauties of the river alone, and she coldly permitted the burden of conversation to rest on his shoulders, which was certainly an unfair thing to do, even from a cousinly point of view. Harry considered himself able to talk more or less fluently on most subjects; a sub-editor, who is also a little bit of a journalist, must necessarily pick up a good deal of out-of-the-way knowledge, if only that he may give a dash of novelty to his articles, and so tickle the public palate. In the course of getting up the information (the process shall remain unrevealed) with which he anonymously instructed the world, Harry had learned a thing or two—enough, at least, to make him seem quite a miracle of learning to most girls. This girl, however, did not appear to appreciate his wisdom; she declined to be made love to; she refused to be instructed; she repudiated his attempts to amuse her. It was a new experience, and one which wounded his vanity. He had prided himself on the versatility which allowed him to get on with all sorts and conditions of women, from the learned young person of Newnham or Girton to the mere butterfly of a summer season. Here was one, however, who baffled him—who, in his own phrase, "flabbergasted" him. He did not even find the situation any longer piquant.

Great-grandmamma, however, found it sufficiently stirring. The interview came off in her bedroom, whither Harry was summoned to a private audience. The old lady's toilet was made, and she was seated in her chair. Another chair was placed in front of her, to which she motioned him. He took it, feeling somewhat as a prisoner must feel who is haled before the judge. To how many years of penal servitude was Harry likely to

be sentenced? At that moment marriage with his cousin had the air of a lifelong bondage.

"Well," said Great-grandmamma, with that brisk promptness that distinguished her—no beating about the bush, no diplomatic manœuvring did she practise—"well, to what conclusion have you arrived?"

"To one that won't please you, I am afraid, Grandmother."

"That," said the old lady, "will not surprise me, as you have never yet done anything to please me. However, you may as well tell me what new cause of offence you propose to give me. But in the first place answer me one question. Have you spoken to Judith?"

"I have spoken to Judith."

"Perhaps," said Lady Severn, sharply, "she also intends to offend me!"

"We made no such compact." Harry smiled. "There would be some hope if we had even leagued ourselves together for such an extremely improper and irreverent purpose; we should at least have had a common object in life."

"You will find it much more to the purpose to make it your common object to please me."

"I live to do that," he said, with a smile that took the impertinence out of the retort.

"And Judith lives for something else. That is very probable. I suppose all this means that she has refused you? Let me advise you, my dear Harry, to leave your habit of being obscure to your writings; it may be a virtue there, but for my part I prefer plain English."

"In plain English, then, I gather that she has refused me."

"I quite expected it," said the old lady, tranquilly.

"I did not," he answered, hotly. "Indeed, if you had not assured me that she did not find the prospect disagreeable—that, in short, she consented to listen to me—I should never have been here."

"Don't lose your temper, sir; remember, if you please, to whom you are speaking; I object to be scowled at; as for her consent, Judith gave that in coming here. She knows very well I did not desire her to be *my* companion."

"Apparently she has made up her mind that she will not be mine."

"Pooh!" the old lady treated this remark with contempt, "so she says: so every woman says to start with. It is our privilege to say no even if we mean yes: it gives our consent the air of a concession, and it possibly a little quenches the overweening conceit of your sex. You call a woman vain—but what is her vanity to the colossal vanity of a man?"

As this was a conundrum Harry was scarcely likely to solve in a manner pleasing to the profounder of it he ignored it.

"Judith was not in the least vague," he began, but she interrupted him with a laugh.

"I can well believe it; she has a spark of the Danby spirit, and it was never a way with us to wrap up our meaning. She wouldn't have anything to say to you, would she? She wanted time to know you better?"

Harry was forced to admit the truth of this chance hit.

"Very well—she shall have time—a week or two. You are not a very profound or intricate study, my dear; a week or two will quite suffice. Meanwhile, in order that my granddaughter may have every opportunity to examine your character and disposition, you will please remain here and make yourself agreeable."

"I think I could do that more successfully from a little distance."

solidity, and so I will not ask you for a copy of your latest effort. Go back to your scribbling if you will, my dear. They don't pay you very handsomely, I believe, but virtue, as we all know, is its own reward. It must be so delightful to be independent—so much more delightful than to live in idleness and ease on an income that you have not earned!"

This was how Great-grandmamma "had" Harry. She knew very well that he did not love toil, and that, indeed, there was not a more grace-



A PRIVATE AUDIENCE.

"From town, perhaps?"

"From town, let us say. I could send you a daily chronicle, Granny, informed with the very latest whisper of scandal—"

"Ah," said Great-grandmamma, with the easiest air in the world, "you are longing to get back to your Grub Street and your ink-pot; I see. How very virtuous we have turned all of a sudden! It is our work that demands us, is it? The world can't do without your enlightenment, I suppose. I never read a word of yours, child, but I don't doubt it is vastly instructive. I am an old woman and my days of being taught are over; I only read to amuse myself, and I am grateful when I find an author who gives me occasion to laugh. I am too frivolous, you see, to appreciate your

lessly idle young gentleman in all London. As for his literature and his journalistic essays, no one knew better than he what a poor reed they were to depend on. There are big plums to be had, no doubt, in the profession, but they are not for such as he. Everybody is so clever nowadays, and the talents are so equally distributed, that a man must have an uncommon share of mental force, or of unshaken patience and perseverance, to win himself a foremost place. The "Lighted Lantern" had been extinguished by the neglect of an ungrateful world that refused to feed its flames, and Harry did not know on whom to bestow his accomplishments. The literary journals are full of appeals from young men for the post of a librarian, or sub-editor, or secretary, or

tutor. Oxford and Cambridge graduates by the score are ready to snap at the first offer of this kind of work, and think themselves lucky if they get it. Harry knew that he might go on getting up subjects till he was white-headed, reporting other people's wisdom and anonymously airing his own till he was as old and as helpless as Lady Severn's crony, Mr. Mun, and never do more than earn a meagre livelihood. And to be poor and struggling up till the hour death claims you and puts an end to the fight is not a very pleasing prospect with which to start in life.

Great-grandmamma was clever enough to read Harry very shrewdly, and when she made that bland proposal that he should return to town and to his grubbing and grinding there, she knew that he would not acquiesce in it. She felt that she might count on his submission, and no doubt she despised him for it. At the same time she had no intention of letting him escape; he must remain, and he must do her will. That imperious will but throve and flourished upon rebellion; a hint of defiance but made her the more determined to be obeyed. If Judith and Harry had shown any desire to rush into each other's arms, very likely she would have grown tired of her scheme, and taken a cruel delight in thwarting them. Some people are made so, are tyrants from the cradle, and it is a wonderful and a happy thing for the world that so few of these incipient Neros have the power as well as the will to become full-fledged despots.

Lady Severn's money was the weapon she wielded, and she could not have had a better for her purpose. What will not the most of us do and bear and suffer for the chance of a substantial legacy?

The pressure that was brought to bear on Judith was of an entirely different nature. She could not be reached by the bribes to which Harry succumbed. Personally she cared little for luxury or ease, and would have renounced them without a pang; it was for the sake of others that she bore the torture screw and finally gave in her submission.

The rack was applied from Paris, strange as it may seem. Judith might have withheld her grandmother to the end of time, and proved herself to have as inflexible a will as the old lady, but she was weak as an infant before the dull persistence of those letters that were penned in the Parisian entresol. They were cruel, perhaps, without intention, but they wrung Judith's heart all the same. They breathed week by week a querulous wonder that Judith could still rebel against an arrangement that seemed quite providential to the mother whose one desire was to establish her child well in life. Sometimes there was a feeble attempt to contrast the straitness of the life under madame's roof with the cushioned ease of existence at the Rise; sometimes there was a hint that madame's patience was wearing thin and her tone becoming something of a threat. After reading one of them, Judith would hang her head and feel herself to be a monster of selfishness because she could still entertain a scruple.

Occasionally it was Letty, in London, who gave

a turn to the screw. Letty did not veil her words; she did not talk of Providence making an excellent provision for Judith; she cried out that Judith was shamefully sacrificing the interests of her family to a whim—a caprice. She said it so often and with so much vigour that more than ever Judith felt herself to be the incarnation of selfishness.

"I can't make you out," Letty wrote. "For what are you waiting—what more can you desire? You have seen Harry now; you have had time to know him. Is he not all that I described? He is amiable and charming, and he is very amusing. Have you not found that out? His liveliness will counteract your seriousness—for you are too serious, you know, my dear—and he will give you all your own way, and that, I can assure you, is an excellent virtue in a husband. For what, then, are you waiting? If you think Granny will give you the money without the husband it shows how very little you know of her; she will give you nothing at all unless you accept her conditions. Harry is a very pleasant condition, and I advise you to take him. Even if you don't want a husband (and I scarcely believe you) here is a very fine chance of benefiting your family, and doing us all a good turn. We want Granny's money if you don't." So Letty ran on, with a lightness that hid a very serious purpose.

She touched a chord to which Judith was certain to respond; to spend herself for those she loved—to serve them at any cost to herself was with her a passion—almost a religion. Her judgment was not vigorous enough to withstand its force; she felt helpless before it; when mother and sister pleaded, her yielding was only a matter of a longer or a shorter time. In the end she would surely yield.

It is easy to stand aside and to call this morbid; there may come a time when rebellion is more honourable than submission, we say, when the voice within is the only one to which we ought to lend an ear, but we mostly discover this wisdom when we are middle-aged; when we are young there is nothing in the world so fascinating as martyrdom. There is no appeal to which we are so sensitive as the call to self-sacrifice. When we are older we count the cost.

There came another voice from Paris to swell the remonstrance. It made itself heard through a letter full of bold dashes and curves, with many words underlined after the fashion of a bygone day; it is considered by some ladies to add a wonderful force to a feeble style, and it was perhaps her desire to be emphatic that led Miss O'Brien to be so unsparing in its use.

"I went to see your mother the other day," this lady wrote, "and I found her but *poorly* and *ailing*, but she can't *expect* to be anything else, as I tell her, if she *will* shut herself up all day long in that poky room. That sort of life would send me to my *grave* in a *year*, and I'm pretty *tough*, as you know. I found a *most extraordinary* young man sitting with her—one of your *boarders*, as I afterwards learned, and a *devoted friend* of yours. I must say, my dear, you don't display much taste in the *outside* of your friends; this one may be

better supplied with *mental furniture* than he looks to be, but he didn't give me a chance of finding out, for he *bounced up* and *made off* the moment I entered, which, considering that I had on my best gown and bonnet, wasn't much of a *compliment*. Your mother tells me he visits her *nearly every evening*, and that they always talk about *you*. Perhaps I should have doubted this—for I never knew your mother to talk to *anybody*—but I had scarcely got settled in my chair when the door opened and that young man burst in *again*. He came straight up to me, and he said, in a wild sort of way, ‘*Tell her I hope she'll be happy*,’ and before I could collect my thoughts to answer he was gone again. If your mother was at all a *nervous* person, I should say these Jack-in-the-box appearances of your friend would be *decidedly disturbing*, but fortunately she is *phlegmatic*. When we seemed at last to be safe from his inroads I got *everything* out of her. And so you've got a *lover*, have you, my dear—I don't mean this *absurd creature*, of course, but the *cousin* your grandmamma has picked out for you. Well, I congratulate you with *all my heart*; it is *much* the best thing that could happen to you. You are *poor* and *fortuneless*, and have nothing to look to but *marriage*; and I hope you'll be a sensible girl, and take a *good husband* when he is offered you, even if you didn't choose him for yourself. Letty chose for herself, and see what a *waste* she made of her chances! We can't have the mistake repeated in your case. I dare say you will think this very *worldly advice*, but when you are older you will see for yourself that

you are *quite justified* in doing the *best* you can for yourself. A girl like you, with nothing but her handsome looks for a dowry, can't *afford* to despise a *good offer*; besides, if you please your grandmamma very likely she will leave a good slice of that *hundred thousand* which I'm told she has, to you in her will. A grandmamma with such a *substantial balance* at her banker's is quite worth pleasing.”

Judith was very likely deeply offended and disgusted at the frankly mercenary tone of this letter; the only bit of it that moved her at all was a postscript to the effect that Mrs. Severn had begged Miss O'Brien “to use her influence.” That cut Judith to the quick—that her mother should plead with her through another!

And so, with a hundred little twists and turns, the torture screw was applied every day, and every day her resistance grew fainter, and the impulse to set herself free ceased to be an overmastering force. A voice which she held to be the voice of duty had sounded in her ears, and she was trying to obey it, and to make it into a constraining motive.

Harry behaved with great moderation, and with a very commendable amount of patience. He did not press his claim even to be regarded as a cousin, and he troubled her with no lover-like demonstrations. As for Grandmamma, her suavity and graciousness were something to marvel at. She looked on, but she said not a word; she knew that others were working for her, and she could bide her time.

THE WORK OF EMIN PASHA.

THE German physician who is now the centre of interest in African matters has only come prominently before the world since the fall of Khartum, but ever since his taking up the governorship of the Equatorial Province he has been well known in scientific circles in this country and on the Continent, as one of the most active of observers and explorers. Papers have occasionally appeared from him in several of the German scientific magazines, and recently a collection of these letters and journals has been published under the editorship of Schweinfurth, Ratzel, Hartlaub, and Felkin, all well known in connection with the Dark Continent. The book is likely to have many readers; it records an immense amount of observation in many branches of knowledge, given in a clear and graceful way that has lost but little in Mrs. Felkin's translation; and it is less “a mine of promise vast, and dire confusion,” than most explorers' books, owing to its excellent index.¹

It is not a complete history, by any means, but it is bulky enough and varied enough to give an

excellent idea of its many-sided author. Most of the papers have already appeared in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* and others in *Ausland*, so that the interest is chiefly geographical—geography being understood in its widest sense. Of adventure there is little, for adventure cannot be described without a fair sprinkling of “ego,” and of self Emin seldom seems to think.

Although he bears a Mohammedan name there is nothing Mohammedan about him. Far away from large cities, where, under the guise of fashion, European habits are hiding and undermining the ancient customs of Islam, there is a natural distrust of a solitary European, which prevents the intimate relation that should exist between a doctor and his patient; and the energetic German believed it only possible to fulfil his office satisfactorily by permitting no external evidence of his Frankish origin to appear. The name he chose was Emin, “the faithful one,” and he has certainly proved worthy of it. Doubtless it would have been impossible for him to have done so much had he not assumed the alias. How quickly and thoroughly he was able to adapt himself to a foreign mode of life may be seen from a letter which he wrote from Trebizond in 1871:

¹ “Emin Pasha in Central Africa.” London: George Philip and Son. We acknowledge our indebtedness for permission to use the excellent map of Equatorial Africa as a basis for our outline.

"Here, in Trebizond," he says, "my good fortune has not forsaken me, and I have quickly gained a reputation as a doctor. This is due to the fact that I know Turkish and Arabic as few Europeans know them, and that I have so completely adopted the habits and customs of the people that no one believes that an honest German is disguised behind the Turkish name. Don't be afraid; I have only adopted the name, I have not become a Turk."

Emin's father was a merchant of Oppeln, in Prussian Silesia. There, on the 28th of March, 1840, Edward Schnitzer was born. Not long afterwards the family removed to Neisse, and there young Schnitzer was educated. In 1858 he went to Breslau University, and in 1863 and 1864 he completed his medical studies at the University of Berlin. A strong desire to travel led him to seek work in a foreign land, and when he had finished his college course in 1864 he started for Turkey. Chance led him to Antivari and Scutari, where he gained the confidence of Hakki Pasha, whom he accompanied on his official journeys throughout the various provinces under his control. In this way Dr. Schnitzer became acquainted with Armenia, Syria, and Arabia, and at last found himself in Constantinople, where Hakki Pasha died in 1873. In 1875 a fit of home-sickness attacked him, and he returned to his mother and sister at Neisse; but next year he was off again, this time to enter the Egyptian service as Dr. Emin Effendi, and be ordered off to join the Governor-General of the Soudan at Khartum, and from there go on to act as chief medical officer in the Equatorial Province, of which Gordon Pasha was then governor. Gordon was the very one to value a man like Emin, and to use to the full his gifts and powers. He sent him on tours of inspection through the districts which had been annexed, and employed him upon diplomatic missions; and in March, 1878, when Gordon had been appointed Governor-General of the whole Soudan, Emin received from him the appointment of Governor of the Equatorial Province. We can therefore quite understand the feelings that prompted his famous letter of the 17th of April last year:—

"The work that Gordon paid for with his blood I will strive to carry on, if not with his energy and genius, still according to his intentions and his spirit. When my lamented chief placed the government of this country in my hands, he wrote to me:—'I appoint you for civilisation and progress' sake.' I have done my best to justify the trust he had in me, and that I have to some extent been successful and have won the confidence of the natives is proved by the fact that I and my handful of people have held our own up to the present day in the midst of hundreds and thousands of natives. I remain here the last and only representative of Gordon's staff. It therefore falls to me, and is my bounden duty, to follow up the road he showed us. Sooner or later these people will be drawn into the circle of the ever-advancing civilised world. For twelve long years have I striven and toiled and sown the seeds for future harvests—laid the foundation-stones for future buildings. Shall I now give up the work because a way may soon open to the coast? Never!"

In those long years he had traversed the whole of his province in all directions, and paid two visits to Uganda, besides repeatedly exploring

the Albert Lake. When in 1886 his letters arrived, informing the world that he still held his post, interest was immediately aroused in him. The Royal Scottish Geographical Society petitioned the British Government to assist them in equipping an expedition for his relief, but the Government gave its consent to the scheme suggested by Mr. Mackinnon, who, in conjunction with several of his friends, sent out Mr. Stanley in January, 1887, the Egyptian Government contributing £10,000 towards the expenses. On the story of that expedition we need not linger, our business is with Emin's own work, as told in his journals.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

The fight against slavery, as depicted in these pages, is more a fight with indifference than with



EMIN PASHA.

force, and bitterly does Emin complain of this. Writing concerning his proceedings in Nyamusa, he says, for instance:—

"The shameful slave trade here causes me so much work that the days often appear to be really too short. In three days I have sent one hundred and eighty slaves from the suburbs of Buifi to their relations or to their chiefs, and even yet chiefs from the Mandari mountains are arriving here to reclaim their people. In performing this work it is impossible to rely upon the least help from the officials of Buifi. A passive opposition to everything that I order makes all beneficial work almost impossible. No one will move a hand to help; to everything I say they answer 'Yes,' but at the same time remain sitting upon their ankarebs; and all this one has to bear in the face of the complaints of the oppressed natives, and in view of the complete devastation of the country."

It is, in fact, the old story, with no new lights cast upon it, though there are many additional

facts to confirm us in our opinion of the truly horrible trade. Of slave-dealer hunting there is frequent mention. Hundreds of slaves were often set free by some sudden surprise, or judicious example of energy, for Emin's soldiers, being negroes, were not too brave on occasion. Often, however, the attack on these strongholds required no slight amount of coolness and decision—qualities that Emin has found useful at other times in dealing with rebellious chiefs. Here is an instance of the capable snuffing-out of a small flame that might have spread to fatal extent. It is in the Pasha's own words :

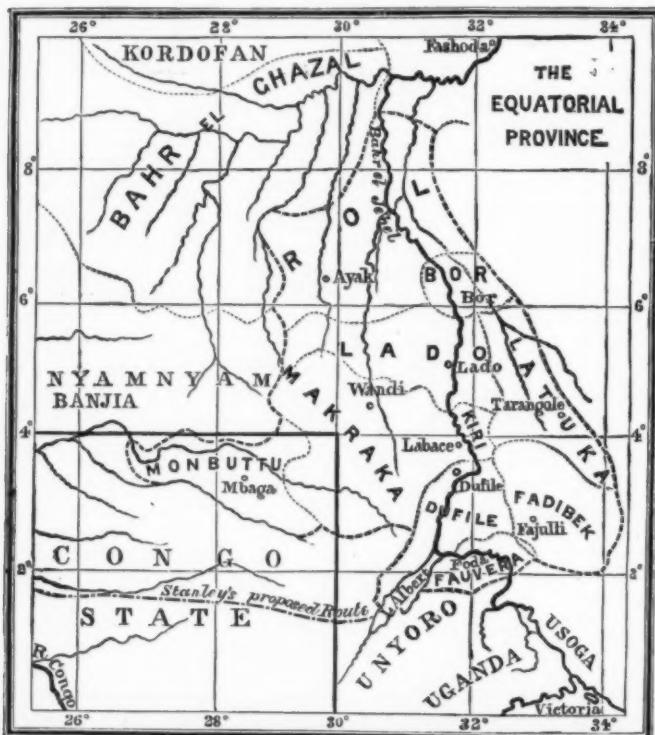
" Shortly before my arrival in Mimndri, one of them, emboldened by the possession of thirty-five guns, which he had somehow or other managed to collect together, terrorised over the country and systematically kidnapped women. He also thought fit to take prisoner an officer who was travelling from Monbuthi to Makraká, to keep him a fortnight in custody, also to rob other travellers of their arms and servants, and at the same time to declare openly that he was the lord of the land, and recognised no authority higher than his own. This was too much even for my patience, and, in the face of the agitation which had existed for some time in Monbuthi, it was necessary to make some energetic move. I had, however, no soldiers with me, for they had all been sent from Tendia to Lógo. When, therefore, a number of small chiefs refused to accept an invitation to meet me, thus openly disobeying, I went by night with ten men to the village of

the nearest chief among them, and before the people had time to get their guns I took him prisoner. With the greatest ease I confiscated some twenty guns, and after I had assured the people that neither they nor their goods should come to harm, I retired to my station, and immediately sent my prisoner to the east, where during his banishment he will have time to consider whether or not it is advisable to play with the fire. On the same day a great meeting was held, a new chief was elected and placed in office, and then I marched as fast as possible to the south to arrest the possessor of thirty-five guns. He was, however, too quick for me, and had vanished, but I obtained the guns, and therefore rendered him harmless, even should he attempt mischief elsewhere. In a meeting of more than forty Zandé chiefs the runaway was declared deposed, and the rightful heir to the district was appointed in his place; but the Zandé were most impressed by the fact of my returning to their relations all the women who had been captured. With one blow, therefore, peace was restored and the road reopened—at least, here—whilst the district in the west will have to wait a little."

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

But it is less for its politics than its observations of nature that the book will be remembered. It abounds in passages of minute description that have almost the charm of old Gilbert White. Take the following notes on bird migration, which might have been penned by the sage of Selborne in exile on the banks of the Nile.

" If migration be taken in its widest sense as a periodical removal from one place to another, it may be asserted that the greater part of the animals of Africa are forced to make such changes. The difference in the commencement of the rainy season throughout the grassy or wooded uplands, both north and south of the equator, naturally influences the ripening of fruits and the development of insect life, upon which the higher classes of animals depend for subsistence. Hence arises the necessity for the latter to leave tracts which are beginning to get dry and to go in search of others which yield the necessary means of subsistence in greater abundance. A good example of this wandering caused by the necessity of finding food is afforded in the *Chrysospiza lutea*, Lich., which frequents the steppe in flocks at the first commencement of the summer rain, and builds its nests in the acacia brushwood, but, as soon as the steppe becomes withered and dry, collects in small companies and removes to the



OUTLINE MAP OF THE EQUATORIAL PROVINCE.

banks of the larger rivers and brooks, visiting even towns and villages. These birds may thus be seen in the winter months by hundreds in Khartum, together with *Passer domesticus*, L. The same is true of some weaver-birds. It is, then, quite natural that, when the steppe yields no more food, its feathered inhabitants should retire, in part, at least, to the south, where an abundant feast awaits them. I mention as a well-known example *Hyphantica aethiopica*, Sund., which in summer frequents the table-lands of Kordofan, Sennar, and Takale, but in winter chooses for its abode the region between Sobat and the 4th parallel of N. lat., because the beds of rushes in this tract supply suitable dwellings and food. But besides the need of food, which causes birds as well as all other animals to change their residence, it must be remembered that limited districts, which are able in ordinary times to harbour a certain number of birds, become too small for them, particularly in the breeding season, because on the one hand each pair demands a larger space, and on the other the consumption of insects especially is considerably increased. Hence results and movements, which in our territory are chiefly from south to north, though migrations to the south are not unknown.

"It would be superfluous to give examples of this movement from south to north; all that have hitherto been called African birds of passage belong to this class. It will therefore suffice if I refer to the *Poliornis rufipennis*, Strick., a bird of prey; to *Eurystomus*, *Merops*, *Hyphantornis*, and *Euplectes*, besides *Chrysococcyx* and *Oxylophus*, and many waders. It will be more interesting to call to mind a variety which periodically disperses to the south as well as to the north, such as *Coturnix delegorguei*, Delg. Like many other birds, this elegant quail seems to have its proper abode in the district lying between the lakes, for I was able to collect specimens of it there all through the year, both hatching their eggs and also as young and fully-grown birds. Their proper home may be considered to lie between the third parallels of latitude on either side of the equator. From this region, however, large flocks start on their migrations to the north and south, to the north when the summer rains clothe the steppes with verdure and food is not wanting for the young ones, to the south when the country in the north is bare and scorched and when in their proper home a scarcity of seeds arises from a short period of repose in the vegetation. So we find these birds in February in South Africa, even beyond the 25th parallel, while in September they collect in Kordofan under 14° N. lat. *Turnix lepurana*, Sm., also seems to make rather distant migrations. But, with regard to all these movements, it must be remembered that though large numbers of the birds mentioned leave their proper haunts for certain periods, as many individuals and pairs remain behind as can find subsistence without too much difficulty. And herein lies the chief difference between such local wanderings and those of the real birds of passage from other continents, which change their quarters temporarily and periodically without leaving behind any

individuals of their kind except those that are sick or incapable of long flights. Moreover, these movements among our birds are almost exclusively confined to the inhabitants of the brushwood and the steppe, while the occupants of the real forest never change their dwellings, at least with very few exceptions.

"Now, while we cannot speak of real migration among our indigenous feathered tribes, Europe and Asia send us a considerable number of guests. Many of them remain in the northern part of the continent, but a large number reach the tropics in their flight. Singularly enough, these are not always the most active flyers. I have been able to collect corn-crakes (*Crex pratensis*, Bechst.) even by the Albert Lake at about 2° N. lat.; but those that come as far as these regions are, almost without exception, feeders on insects, while the feeders on corn all want to stay farther north. Wading and swimming birds are also comparatively poorly represented. What laws regulate the diffusion of these winter guests, why particular varieties push on so extraordinarily far towards the south, while others, though physically stronger, remain far behind them, are at the present time unsettled questions; only when we are in possession of observations extending over many years, and of special data concerning the distribution of the wanderers during winter, with constant regard to the climatic conditions of this country at the time of their arrival, shall we be able to form an opinion on this question. For the present it is our duty to confine ourselves to the registration of facts, such as the occurrence of the nightingale (*Luscinia philomela*, Bechst.) in Latúka and Makraká; of the redstart (*Ruticilla phoenicurus*, L.) in Rejaf, West Makraká, as far as 4° N. lat.; and of the reed-warblers (*Calamoherpe arundinacea*, Gm., and *C. palustris*, Bechst.) as far even as 2° N. lat.

"On the other hand, storks and cranes never reach us, and in the course of years I have only one collected, a specimen of *Ciconia alba*, below 6° 35' N. lat., which no doubt had lost its way. The same winter the Egyptian vulture, *Neophron percnopterus*, L., and *Himantopus autumnalis*, Hass., were common here, though they do not appear every winter; it may, therefore, have been due to an abnormal winter in the north. With regard to the arrival and departure of birds of passage to and from this country, it may be remarked that the end of September and October are the months in which they arrive. Thus, in the present year the yellow wagtail (*Budylus flava*, var. *cinerocapilla*, Sav.) was first noticed on October 9th. The time of departure is protracted, and falls between February and April. On April 21st, 1884, I caught a cuckoo (*Cuculus canorus*, L.) in Ladó."

THE AFRICAN FOREST.

Here, as an example in another vein, is a note on the African forest:

"I have mentioned woods so often that it may be well to explain what I mean by them. It is

a mistake to imagine that on entering Monbuthi from the north you will immediately meet with dark impenetrable woods. Magnificent gallery woods, in which all the marvels of vegetation unfold themselves before the enchanted gaze, often border to a considerable distance even the smallest brook. Every declivity in the ground is covered by trees and bushes, and on the old clearings and the cultivated spots Flora's wild and cultured offspring are mingled, forming often completely impenetrable walls. The region, however, of immense forests, in which one may wander for hours without seeing a sunbeam, and where one hears the rain beating upon the summits of the trees without feeling a drop, commences only a little to the west of the A-Zandé district, ruled over by Chief Kanna. I have seen such stretches of primitive forest in Monbuthi, and there is no doubt that this country was originally quite covered with forests, to judge from the remains of virgin woods which still exist. The gradual disappearance of the forest is to be attributed to the comparatively thick population, to the constant removal of villages and fields, and to the inroads of both axe and fire. When I have seen the relics of ages long passed, the gigantic frames of trees thrown across the way, having been cut down and given over to decay because they spread too much shade over the crops, I have felt that Nature herself was profaned. After many years of wandering through these regions, I am inclined to think that in ancient times the true Central African forest region, that is, the permanence of closed woods containing westerly species, extended much farther to the north than it does to-day."

A LION KING.

And here is a strange state of affairs that will doubtless be made a note of by our showmen : " Only the leopards are dreaded, for they often attack men, which the lions never do, although they lurk in the bush in twos and threes. The negroes tell me that they are under the control of a chief named Lottor, a very simple, good-natured man, who always keeps two tame lions in his house (a fact), and as long as he receives occasional presents of corn and goats, prevents the wild lions from doing any mischief. It is curious to note that the lions here are really good-tempered (perhaps because they find abundance of food), and they are also much admired, as was shown by the following incident : One day we came upon a lion caught in a pitfall, whereupon Chief Lottor was fetched, and he pushed into the pit branches of trees, to enable the lion to get out ; this it did, and, after giving us a roar of acknowledgment, walked off unharmed. Another chief is said to possess the power of keeping the game away from the pitfalls. One of our men told me that this chief was at one time detained under arrest at the station for a few hours, the consequence being that no game came near the station for about eight days, so that a present had to be sent to the chief to appease him. Chief Chulong's

wife also is famous for her power over the numerous crocodiles which make their home in Khor Gineti."

A NATIVE SMITH.

It is not the flora and fauna alone that occupy Emin's attention. Of ethnology and folk-lore there is much ; but perhaps the most interesting allusions are to the native trades. For example : " The Shúli have a greater liking for glass beads than any other tribe of this country ; small crimson and white opal beads are particularly prized. The men plait cowrie-shells and beads in their hair, but their tresses are not so elaborately arranged as among the Shúli living farther to the south and east. Iron ornaments are everywhere the order of the day, and the gorgets, which actually cause the neck muscles underneath to shrink, and bracelets and anklets, as well as chains and ornaments for the girdles, are very neatly made. A Shúli smith was working close to the chief's premises. His bellows was formed of large clay vessels, having at their bases spouts drawn out at right angles to carry the blast ; they were covered at the top with leather, having rods fastened in the middle, which are worked up and down to cause the draught, and are kept in action by a boy. Large stones serve as anvil and hammer ; the tongs are made of a piece of wood split at the end ; and a piece of iron to polish the work completes the apparatus. Fining the iron is never practised. At the time of our visit bits were being made for donkeys, which are numerous."

THE SALTWORKS OF KIBÍRO.

And, as an instance of a more important industry, take the following notes on the saltworks at Kibíro, a village in $1^{\circ} 45' N$, $31^{\circ} 20' E$.

" The ground rises in a couple of terrace-like steps, the edges of which consist of clayey soil of a reddish colour, intermingled with plant detritus and some snail shells. These terraces, therefore, are alluvial in character, the strand being now in process of formation ; the upper terrace, the edge of which lies thirty feet above the level of the lake, is, of course, the older, and the lower owes its origin to the detritus washed down from the hills and heaped up at their foot. The path led at first between groups of dirty-looking, miserable huts ; but the people have some excuse for their unsatisfactory condition, seeing that they have to purchase the long grass, of which these huts are constructed, with salt, from beyond the hills. A slight bend of the path westwards, and we stood before the saltworks.

" Immediately on our left rose the lofty mountain chain, and at its foot gushed forth the hot springs, to which we descended. These springs are situated in a kind of deep ravine, ending in a corrie with perpendicular walls, formed by the incaving of the hills behind. Blocks of stone and

masses of *débris*—fragments of primitive rock—lie scattered about here in chaotic confusion, and, under the combined effects of heat and moisture, they have assumed the appearance of wacke. The floor of the ravine, and the stones with which it is littered, are so hot that one cannot bear the hand upon them; the heat even penetrates through the shoes to the feet. On every side we heard the continuous bubbling and hissing of water, and the gurgling of gases issuing from the hot mud. Hundreds of tiny springs burst from the overheated soil, and fill the air with sulphurous gases, with which is mingled a slight smell of bitumen. The atmosphere has such a high temperature that we felt almost stifled, and as if we were in a steam bath—and this idea was further strengthened by the little jets of steam which rose on all sides from the boiling water. This witch's caldron, in which we came face to face with the workings of nature's forces, is called by the Wanyoro 'Kabigga.' The perfectly clear water gushes out from under stones, out of crevices in the rock, and directly out of the ground. Seen in a glass it has a yellowish tinge. In several places its temperature varies between 185° and 195° Fahr., and it gives off a slight smell like that of sulphuretted hydrogen. In taste the water is rather saline, and when taken in large quantities it acts as a moderate-purgative. It flows strongest in calm weather, wind and rain diminishing its outgush. Earthquake shocks are frequent in Kibfro. I saw no vegetation in the ravine, or, at least, none at its farther extremity; but its upper rim was clothed with thick bushes and thorny shrubs, and between these were little clumps of an aloe, with leaves striped with white. No labour can be performed in the immediate vicinity of the springs, owing to the overheated soil and want of space. We turned our faces towards the lake, and followed the curiously winding ravine to its outlet.

"As we passed along we could easily imagine ourselves in the shaft of a gold-mine; and, in point of fact, the salt is gold to all our tribes. The floor of the ravine had been levelled and cleared of all stones. The hot water was conducted in all directions in small troughs, set in, and ingeniously supported on stones. Lumps of riddled earth lay heaped up ready for being operated upon. The several work-places were separated from one another by rows of stones. Women and children were busy everywhere, either scratching up the saline soil or else filling the sieve-like apparatus. The strangest thing about the scene was, perhaps, the walls of saline earth, filled up to the height of six or seven feet, and having rows of filtering vessels at their base; these walls, when seen from a distance, look like the ruins of a village.

"The method of preparing the salt is quite simple. The earth from which the salt is to be extracted is placed, in the evening, under the end of a trough, whence a thin stream of water trickles over it all night long. In the morning it is put to dry for some hours; after this, the women, with crescent-shaped pieces of iron, scratch off its superficial layers, and put them into other small troughs, out of which they riddle it again into small heaps. The next day a certain quantity of

this earth is mixed with water, and then conveyed to the filtering apparatus. This consists of simple clay vessels, having holes in the bottom covered with a layer of fine hay; the vessels themselves stand upon three stones, and have beneath them smaller clay vessels, into which the liquid drops. This apparatus stands in rows, at the base of those mud walls to which I have already referred. When the filtration is finished, if the manufacturer is not pressed for time, he allows the liquor to evaporate in the open air; it then leaves behind it a pure white salt. If, however, time cannot be given for this process of evaporation, it is accomplished by means of boiling within the huts; but the salt so obtained is darker in colour and less pure. The skill of the women consists in mixing the earth and water in the right proportions just before the filtering begins.

"Bad weather and continued rain greatly interfere with the salt manufacture, for the soil then becomes saturated with moisture, and in that state is not suitable for the extraction of salt. At such times the people break down the sides of the ravine, for they also contain a high percentage of saline matter. It is, of course, self-evident that this continual drain upon the layers of the ravine bottom must result in its gradual lowering. At the present time the walls have an average height of thirty to fifty feet, showing the extent to which human agency has utilised the saline deposits contained in the soil.

"It would be interesting to know whether the yield of salt undergoes any proportionate variation as the ravine gets deeper, for this would decide the question whether the salt, as the native workers maintain, comes from the water of the hot springs or not. I am myself inclined to think that these springs have no connection with the supply of salt except that of opening up the layers of earth in which it is contained. The rocks, from among which the springs issue, are primitive rocks; the salt itself must lie in the alluvial soil, just as it does at Rejaf and at Gondokoro. At all events, the people of Kibfro affirm that when the water of the springs is cooled by heavy rains, and the soil is consequently charged with moisture, they are unable to carry on the process for the extraction of the salt. But the same is true at Rejaf, where no hot springs exist. It is much more reasonable to suppose that the rain washes the salt out of the soil, and consequently the saline liquor is too thin to deposit much salt. The salt of Kibfro is coarse-grained and mostly of a rather dark-grey colour, which is due to the process of manufacture. It has a faintly bitter after-taste, a fact also noticed by the negroes. The bitter taste could easily be got rid of by a different process of evaporation, and by repeated crystallisation; but the demand for it is so great that the makers need not be very particular in its preparation. The salt destined for sale is made up in cylindrical packets, and wrapped in dried banana-leaves. A packet generally weighs $7\frac{1}{2}$ ocka (25lb.), and is sold for 400 cowries, equivalent in value to about 5s. 6d.—for the Zanzibar Arabs in Unyoro reckon the Mejidie thaler of twenty Turkish piastres (= 3s. 5d.) to be worth 250 cowries."

THE FALL OF KHARTÚM.

It was not till the 18th of April, 1885, that Emin heard of the death of his chief.

"I was engaged in an inspection of the fortifications when I was again honoured by despatches from Keremallah. The letters contained the usual invitations to us all to join the champions of the faith, but the most important communication was the news that Khartúm had fallen. I should find the details, he said, in an enclosed copy of a letter from the Mahdi. The letter, dated Rebi-ul-Akhir 12, 1302 (January 28th, 1885), contained the news that Khartúm was taken by storm on the morning of Monday, Rebi-ul-Akhir 9 (January 25), and that every one in it was slain, except the women and children. Gordon, the enemy of God, had refused to surrender, and he and his men had fallen; the Mahdi had lost ten men only. This letter, written in old-fashioned Arabic, and imitating in its expression the older chapters of the

Koran, concluded with an injunction to Keremallah to act in a similar manner here and in the Bahr-el-Ghazal." Which, as we know, he was unable to do, owing to Emin's skilful retreat to the south.

By abandoning the outlying stations and concentrating his forces he contrived to secure himself in possession of a district nearly as large as England. This, ably administered by the iron hand in the silken glove, remains a civilising influence among the negro races which it would be a thousand pities to let slip. In the letter of the 17th of April, 1887, which we have already quoted, the spirit of Emin's work is clearly displayed. Among such people as those under his charge for so long personal popularity is almost everything. Another man may find it no easy task to gain their confidence. Be the fate of the Equatorial Province what it may, surely it should not be allowed to sink into barbarism, or return to the corrupt rule of the Cairo pashas.

A Scottish Idyll.

THE red light o' evenin' was fadin' awa'
Fae the bonnie wee clouds that lay sleepin'
Ow'r Islay's blue hills, an' the gloom o' nicht-fa'
Ow'r mountain an' valley was creepin'.

An' oot through the fields in the lang simmer eve
Some lasses and lads had been roamin',
An' noo before each o' the other took leave,
They cam' saunterin' slow through the gloamin'.

An' whiles they sang blythely some bonnie old sang,
An' whiles they were jokin' an' laughin',
An' whiles they gaed soberly movin' alang,
An' whiles they were jinkin' an' daffin'.

But there was ae lassie they couldna gar sing,
Though she seemed tae be smilin' an' cheery,
Till they gaithered about her an' stood in a ring,
An' bothered her till she was weary.

Then she sang them a sang that was new tae them a',
An' sae tender an' sweet was her singin',
That it rang in their ears when they scattered awa',
An' through their nicht dreams it was ringin'.

But nae o' them dreamed while sae sweetly it rang
(For nae tear did her sorrow betoken),
That hers was the pitiful story she sang,
An' hers was the hairet that was broken.

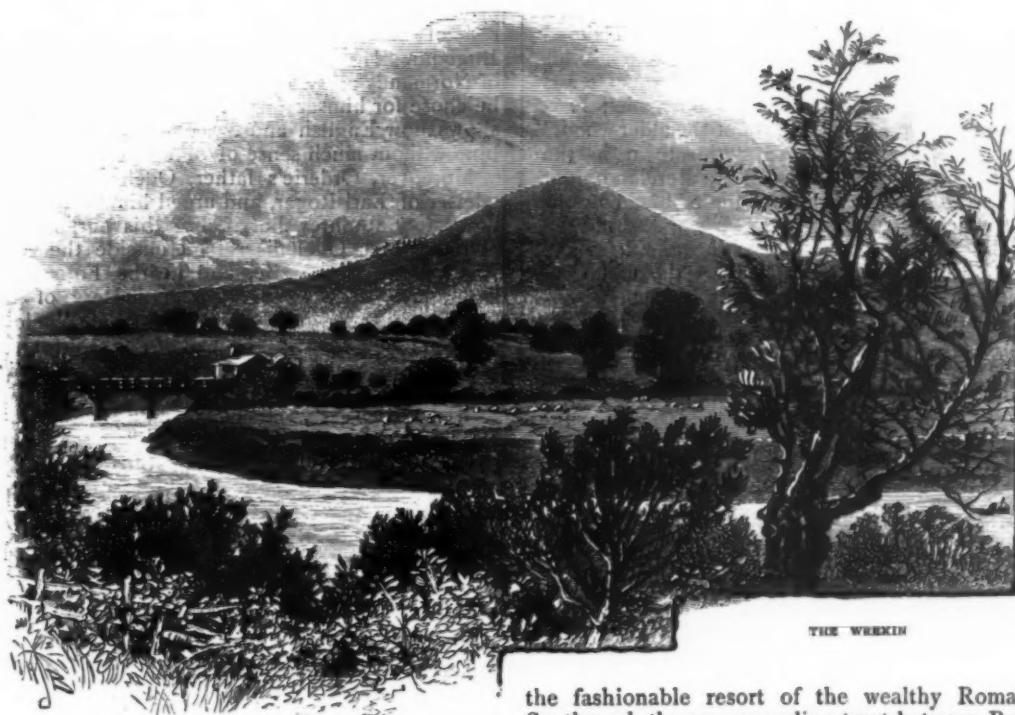
O little we ken o' what others may bear,
Life's bitterness bravely beguin',
For the hairet may be weary, an' sad, an' sair,
Though the lips may be cheerily smilin'.

T. HUIK.

THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH SHIRES.

BY THE REV. CANON CREIGHTON, PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

SHROPSHIRE.



THE WREKIN

SHROPSHIRE is one of the most picturesque, as it is one of the most interesting, of English counties, possessing an interest of its own, as being the border-land between England and Wales, and associated with all the scenes of their unequal contest. It owes its picturesqueness and its historical interest to the same causes; it is the district where the Welsh mountains die away gradually into the broad valley of the Severn. It was early decided that the lands which lay eastward of the Severn should be English; it was long a matter of dispute how much of the hilly district which stretched westward should count as English soil.

In the days of the Romans the need was felt of guarding the passes of the Severn and the line of the great road which led to Chester. So, at the base of Wrekin, the last spur thrown out by the Cambrian range before it disappears in the Severn valley, the Roman town of Uriconium (Wroxeter) was planted as a witness of the Roman rule. It would seem that the situation was attractive, for the remains of Uriconium show a larger enclosure than can be traced in any other Roman town in our island, while the width of its streets and the spaciousness of its public buildings lead to the conclusion that the outskirts of the western hills were

the fashionable resort of the wealthy Roman. Southward, the corresponding tract between Bath and Gloucester was much frequented, but this was cut off by the forests of Dean and Wyre from the upper vale of the Severn, which only opened again at Wroxeter.

After the departure of the Romans, Wroxeter became the capital of the Princes of Powis, and it was some time before the English conquerors of the east made their way so far westwards. But the defeat of the Britons by the West Saxon King, Ceawlin, at Deorham, in 577, incited the conqueror to penetrate farther up the Severn, and in 583 he made his way through the forest to Uriconium, and took it. The ruins of the town show how completely it was plundered and burned, so completely that it was practically swept away, and was left a heap of ruins. The bones of fugitives have been found in the hypocausts, or hot-air chambers, underneath the houses, whither they had fled for safety, and were smothered in the smoke of their burning buildings. From the smoking ruins of the Roman Uriconium Ceawlin advanced to the British town of Pengwyrn (Shrewsbury), which he also destroyed, and then pressed onwards towards Chester. But the Britons of the north gathered their forces and routed the West Saxon host at Faddiley, not far from Nantwich. After this defeat the West Saxons fell back, and the Britons rebuilt their town at

Pengwyrn, which then became the capital of the land of Powis. Uriconium was too hopelessly destroyed to be again restored.

It was nearly two centuries before the borders of the Britons were again invaded. The kings of Mercia were engaged in warring against their English neighbours, and felt no inclination to penetrate the forest which led to the Upper Severn. But in 780 the great Mercian King Offa turned his arms against the Britons, claimed Pengwyrn as an English town, and, in token of his claim, gave it an English name. Its new name was the English equivalent of its British name; Pengwyrn, which means "the head of the alder wood," gave place to Scrobsbyryg, "the town in the scrub." Moreover, Offa carried the Mercian border westward, and marked out its limits by an earth-work, which is still known as Offa's Dyke, running from the mouth of the Wye to the mouth of the Dee. Englishmen now settled for the first time in the land between this Dyke and the Severn; but the old inhabitants were not disturbed, and the two races peacefully mingled with one another.

Thus the lands along the Upper Severn were made part of the Mercian kingdom, and shared its fortunes, in which they did not play a very conspicuous part. When the Danish invasion had been rolled back by the kings of Wessex, the Mercian kingdom was politically extinct, and was divided into districts corresponding to old local divisions. Most of these districts took their names from the towns round which they centred, as Gloucestershire and Worcestershire; but there was no centre of sufficient importance to give its name to this district, which was called Scrobshire—the shire formed out of the bush (or scrub) region. But the cognate town of Shrewsbury began to show signs of life, and monks found a home in the secluded valley which lay below Wenlock Edge, though the Danish invaders penetrated even to this remote corner of England, and swept the monastery away. In the days of Ethelred the king took refuge at Shrewsbury, and there held meetings of his wise men; and in the days of Edward the Confessor the ruined monastery of Wenlock was again restored.

After the Norman Conquest the men of the west were loth to submit to the rule of the invader. It would seem that some Norman barons pressed onwards to the west, and were so struck by the position of Shrewsbury, rising above the river which winds round it, so as to make it a peninsula, that they held for William the highest point, and began the building of a castle. When the men of the west rose against William in 1069 the town of Shrewsbury was burned, but its fortress still held out; and after the suppression of the rising William bestowed on his trusty follower, Roger of Montgomery, the earldom of Shrewsbury. In this uncleared land were very few landholders, so that almost the whole district was directly in the hands of its earl, whose power was great. Earl Roger built the castle, which dominated the town of Shrewsbury, and put down disorder with a strong hand. But here, in this remote part of England, we have the first evidence of the power of the English race to overcome their conquerors.

Amongst the followers of Earl Roger was a priest of Orleans, Odelenis, who was the earl's chaplain and confessor. He married an English wife—for clerical celibacy was not yet strictly enforced—and his eldest son Orderic was brought up at Shrewsbury, and learned the English tongue. At the age of ten Orderic was devoted to a monastic life, and went across the sea to the monastery of St. Evroul in Normandy. There he abode the rest of his days, paying at least one visit to England. He wrote an "Ecclesiastical History of Normandy and England," and the name which he chose for himself, "Orderic the Englishman," shows how English and Normans began to combine without much sense of difference.

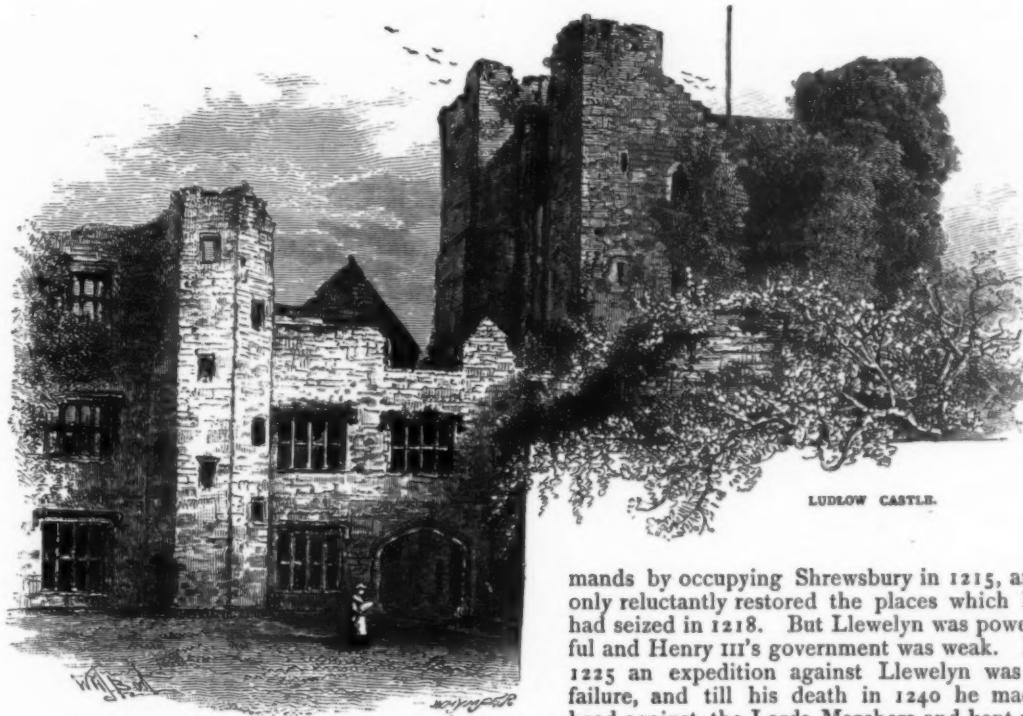
Moreover, Orderic's father, Odelenis, was the adviser of Earl Roger, and urged him to found a monastery at Shrewsbury. For this purpose the church which Odelenis served outside the walls was chosen as the site, and in the Forgate of Shrewsbury rose the stately monastery of St. Mary. Further, the decayed house at Wenlock was founded anew, and care was taken for the religious instruction of a district which, by its position, was still marked out as the seat of border warfare. Earl Roger aimed at making Shrewsbury the seat of government, and built a castle of defence amongst the western hills, which he called by his own name of Montgomery. In later times Earl Roger's castle, and the town which gathered round it, gave the name to a Welsh county. Other castles were soon built on the western border, chief amongst them those of Clun, Oswestry, and Caus, while Ludlow, on a rock that rose above the junction of the streams of the Teme and the Corve, was marked out by nature as the site of a great fortress. Soon, too, amid the forest which covered the banks of the Severn, arose the castle of Bridgnorth.

The Welsh war of William II drove back the Welsh, and carried farther into their territory the ring of Norman castles which pent them in, and drove them to submit. The Earl of Shrewsbury, lord also of Arundel and Chichester, secure in his own domains by the castles of Shrewsbury and Bridgnorth, was almost too powerful a subject. After the death of William II, Robert de Belesme, who held these lands, in addition to many more across the sea in Normandy, rose against Henry I on behalf of his elder brother Robert's claim to the English Crown. Robert de Belesme is typical of the evil features of the character of the Norman barons. Violent, cruel, and oppressive, he was a man of craft and cunning, so that he was the terror of his neighbours, great and small alike, and tales of his savagery were rife on every side. He manned his castle of Bridgnorth and called the Welsh to his help; but Henry I quickly marched against it, and the Welsh gave way before English gold. Robert de Belesme was forced to submit, to resign to the king all his lands in England and confine himself to Normandy. There he was the head of opposition to the king, who was not secure till, in 1106, he defeated the Norman barons at Tinchebrai and consigned Robert de Belesme to prison, where he lingered out his life. From this time onward the earldom of Shrewsbury

was vested in the Crown. There also, as at Chester, it was found dangerous to allow such great power to pass from father to son.

In the anarchy of Stephen's reign Shrewsbury Castle was held by William Fitzalan for Matilda. It was besieged by Stephen, and William Fitzalan himself fled away, leaving his garrison to hold out by themselves. Stephen's method of reducing them was at least peculiar. He filled the ditch around it with wood and set it on fire, so that the garrison was smoked out. When Henry II's accession again brought order into the land, the powerful barons of the west refused to surrender the royal castles which they held. Hugh of Mortimer held Bridgnorth, Ledbury, and Wigmore. All were besieged and taken, and Hugh

ruled as a little king in the lands which his sword had won. These lands were known as the Lordship Marches, and the extension of the Marches at the expense of the Welsh was steady and persistent till the conquest of Ireland opened out a new field for the enterprise of Norman adventure. After this the native rulers of Wales had time to raise their heads. At the end of the twelfth century the Prince of Gwynedd (North Wales), Llewelyn ap Iorweth, was of so much importance that King John gave him in marriage a natural daughter as a means of binding him to his side. Llewelyn took part in English affairs, but it was against his father-in-law. He stood by the barons who demanded the signing of the Great Charter, and helped to reduce John to comply with their de-



LUDLOW CASTLE.

was driven to make submission to the king outside the walls of Bridgnorth in 1157.

Thus the leading influence for civilisation in Shropshire was that of the barons. Shropshire was a land of castles, equalled only by its neighbour, Herefordshire; it was a land of great lords. The only counterpoise to the military civilisation of the barons was to be found in the peaceful life of the monks; and the new orders which brought monastic life more into connection with the people—the Austin canons and the Cistercians—both found early homes in Shropshire, the first at Haughmont and Lilleshall, the second at Buildwas.

However, the time had not yet come when Shropshire could enjoy the blessings of peace. Wales had been acquired by the energy of Norman barons, who each conquered for himself and

mands by occupying Shrewsbury in 1215, and only reluctantly restored the places which he had seized in 1218. But Llewelyn was powerful and Henry III's government was weak. In 1225 an expedition against Llewelyn was a failure, and till his death in 1240 he made head against the Lords Marchers and kept up a constant warfare, in which Shropshire suffered, but Shrewsbury grew in importance as a great centre of military strength. Under Llewelyn ap Gwffydd this Celtic revival became still stronger. He ruled the Principality of Gwynedd with a strong hand, and the land lay open to him from Chester to the Bristol Channel. Henry III was miserably poor, and bestowed on his son Edward the revenues derived from Wales. But the Welshmen rose on the grounds that Edward dealt with them not according to their customs, and Edward's attempt to reduce them by force of arms in 1257 was a failure. The second Llewelyn entered, like his predecessor, into English politics, and took part with Simon de Montfort and the barons against Henry III, while the Lords of the Welsh Marches held for the king. It was their perseverance that finally turned the stream against Earl Simon. The loss of the castles which com-

manded the Severn—Shrewsbury, Bridgnorth, Ludlow, and Gloucester—cut him off from his friends in Wales, and left him helpless at Evesham, where he fell before Edward, whose troops had been drawn from the domains of the Lords Marchers.

Edward I had learned enough before he came to the throne to make him feel that the reduction of the Principality of Gwynedd, and the destruction of the independent power of its ruler, was a matter of the first importance. He systematically attached the laws of Llewelyn, whom he slew in battle. The remaining claimant of the old line of kings was David, who had received many favours from Edward, had done him homage and then had conspired against his lord. David was handed over to Edward as a prisoner, and Edward, determined to make an example of him, summoned to Shrewsbury a representative assembly of the laity of the realm, by whom David was tried and condemned to death (1283). His sentence was carried out in Shrewsbury. Edward, meanwhile, used the assembly for other than judicial purposes. He dwelt in the castle of his former tutor, Robert Brunell, then Bishop of Bath and Wells, at Acton Brunell, where was framed the Statute of Merchants, one of the most important measures for regulating commerce by providing for the recovery of debts. The ruins of the castle bring strongly before the mind the memory of the leading features of the age, when commerce was rising into importance, when a great king was

was invested with the dignity of Prince of Wales; but the Lords Marchers still exercised their independent jurisdictions. The Principality was not pacified in spite of the castles wherewith Edward I kept it in subjection. There were frequent risings which, added to the wild disorder which prevailed amongst the Lordship Marches, kept the western part of Shropshire in perpetual alarm, and prevented it from settling down to regular industry. In the fourteenth century things gradually improved, till in 1400 Welsh national feeling again awoke under Owen Glendower, and was powerful. Glendower, who owned lands in Merioneth, was aggrieved by his neighbour Lord Grey de Ruthin, and took up arms. Claiming descent from Llewelyn, rallied the Welsh around him, took the title of Prince of Wales, destroyed Oswestry, and overthrew many castles. In vain Henry IV, insecurely seated on his throne, led his troops against him. The capture of Sir Edmund Mortimer, and Henry's refusal to ransom him, only gave Glendower an ally amongst the English, who opened up negotiations with the discontented Percys of the north. This dangerous combination was checked by the promptitude of Henry IV, who succeeded in overtaking the Northumbrian forces of Percy and the Scots under Douglas at Hately Field, near Shrewsbury, before Glendower had time to join his troops with theirs. There, on July 4, 1403, was fought a stubborn battle, which was only ended in Henry's favour by the death of Percy;



STOKESAY CASTLE.

striving to bring under one law all the lands that were girt by the same sea.

Wales, though conquered, was not absorbed into England. The Principality was united to the English Crown, and the eldest son of the king

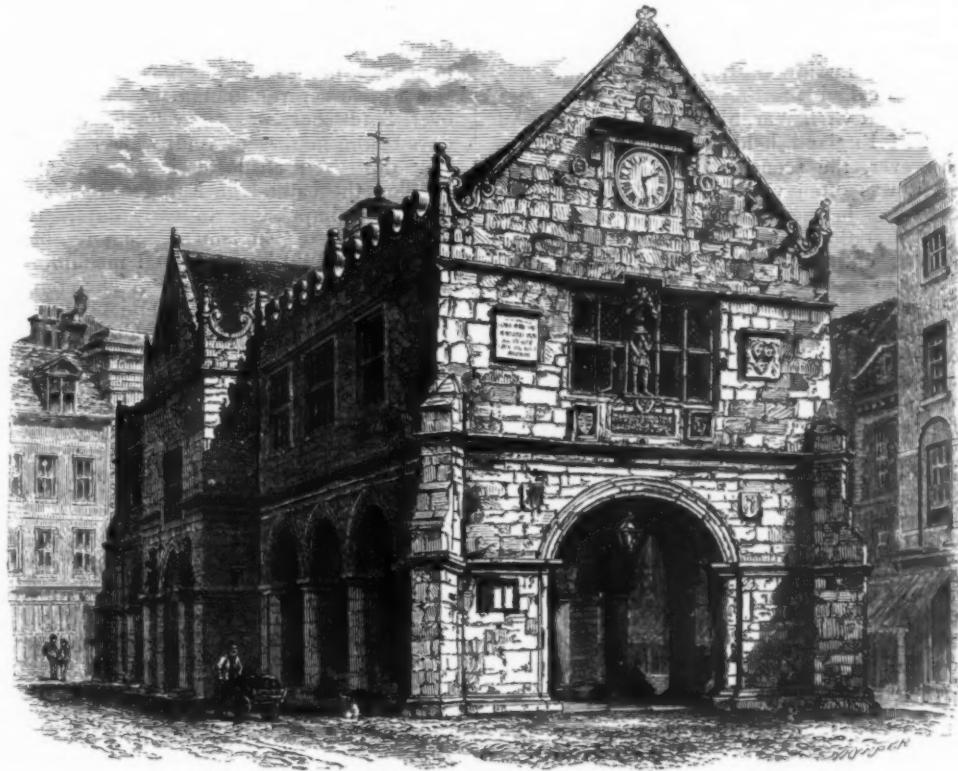
it was so hardly fought that half the combatants on either side were left dead upon the field. Again Shrewsbury saw the execution of traitors, who were treated with all the barbarity which was the fate of the last of the Welsh princes

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His death was followed by the reconquest of

the Lords Marchers were formed into shires, with English principles of self-government and representation in the English Parliament. It was at this time that the boundaries of Shropshire were definitely fixed.

From this time onwards the prosperity of Shrop-



SHREWSBURY MARKET HALL.

Wales and the enactment of severe laws against the Welsh, which only had the result of driving them to form organised bands of robbers, whose raids disturbed the law. To stop these disorders, in 1478 a special Court was erected, the Court of the President and Council of the Marches of Wales, with summary jurisdiction over the disturbers of the public peace. The headquarters of this Council were fixed at Ludlow Castle by Edward IV, who had himself been brought up there in his youth. This measure was, in some degree, successful, but the descent of Henry VII from Owen Tudor was still more successful in gratifying the national sentiment of the Welsh, and making them loyal to the English Crown. To humour this national feeling, Arthur, the eldest son of Henry VIII, took up his abode at Ludlow, after his marriage with Catherine of Aragon, with a view of residing there as ruler of the Principality. He died at Ludlow three months after his settlement there, but from that time onward Ludlow Castle was the seat of the President of the Council of Wales. Henry the VIII made this office of less importance in 1536, when Wales was incorporated with England, and the lands of

shire steadily increased, as it was freed from its former causes of disquiet. On the dissolution of the monasteries there was a proposal for a bishop of Shrewsbury, but it was not carried out. The Council of Wales took the place of the Council of the Lords Marchers, who, from a crowd of little princes, sank into the position of quiet country gentlemen. As times became more quiet the trade of Shrewsbury flourished ; it was the great market for the cloth trade with Wales, and was one of the chief commercial centres of England. It is to the sudden growth of its commerce in the Tudor reigns that Shrewsbury owes much of its picturesqueness at the present day. Substantial dwelling-houses were built by substantial merchants, and there has been in later times no sufficient expansion of trade or increase of population to sweep away these memorials of the past. The school founded by Edward VI erected its buildings, and counted amongst its early pupils Sir Philip Sidney. His father, Sir Henry Sidney, was President of Wales from 1559 to 1586, and did much to bring the land into order and develop its industry.

A still more famous President was the Earl of

Bridgewater, famous, not for himself, but for an accident which has given to Ludlow Castle imperishable memories. Shortly after Lord Bridgewater's arrival there, his daughter, Lady Alice Egerton, and her two brothers, were benighted in the Hay Wood, near Richard's Castle, some three miles distant, where they had gone for a ramble. This incident gave Milton the motive for his masque of "Comus," which was set to music, and was played in Ludlow Castle, by those whose adventure had called it forth, in 1634.

In the great Civil War, Shropshire, like most of the west of England, held for the king. It was not, however, the scene of great engagements, though it was often visited by the king, and its castles were besieged by the Parliamentary generals after the Battle of Naseby. Bridgnorth Castle was entirely destroyed and most of the town was burnt; Shrewsbury and Ludlow both suffered sieges; most of the Shropshire castles were dismantled and swept away. But after the Restoration Ludlow Castle was repaired, and again became the seat of the President of Wales. There, in a chamber over the gateway, Samuel Butler, steward of the Earl of Carbery, wrote his "Hudibras," the work which expresses most clearly in imaginative form the powerful reaction against Puritanism which caused the Restoration. But Ludlow, which had been the home of two great poets, was not long to enjoy its proud distinction. After the Revolution of 1688, the Court of Wales was swept away, and the historical importance of Shropshire as an independent seat of government finally disappeared. The castle of Ludlow fell into decay, and survives only as a stately ruin; but the ruin tells a tale of the continuous history of England. The massive walls of the Norman keep, and the lovely round chapel, with its Norman doorway, are attached to buildings which were constantly being changed in accordance with the changes of English social life. We can see how the military fortress of an early age grew into the stately house of an Elizabethan gentleman, for whom convenience of daily life was more important than safety from invasion. In the ruins of Ludlow Castle we can find traces of the domestic architecture of almost every period

between 1100 and 1700. It is an epitome of the social history of England.

In fact, Shropshire altogether is full of records of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the time when the shire recovered from the ravages of the Welsh wars, and enjoyed an exceptional prosperity. The land was fertile, and Shrewsbury was the natural market for Wales, whose produce, particularly cloths, was carried on the backs of mountain ponies to Shrewsbury market, which was a great centre of commercial activity. Moreover, Shrewsbury was a provincial capital in the days before increased rapidity and ease of travelling destroyed all local sentiment, and made London the capital of England in a way which had been impossible in early days. It is this quiet period of England's prosperity, before the changes wrought by steam and machinery, which Shropshire specially illustrates. The county is not particularly rich in minerals, and no great manufactures have sprung up save at Coalbrook Dale, on its south-eastern border. It still is mainly a pastoral country, with rich pasture-lands and flocks of sheep. It is prosperous; but its prosperity is of the same kind as that which it enjoyed in former days, and has taken no new development which has swept away the traces of its past. It is still a land rich in old remains, in the timbered houses of the sixteenth century, in the seats of country gentlemen, in all that tells of life well cared for and prosperity which has not overshot its limits or grown suddenly beyond the capacities of men to keep pace with its demands. Shropshire, with its neighbours north and south, has many interesting characteristics. It shows the growth of agricultural prosperity in a fertile district, which became prosperous as soon as it was freed from disorder. It shows how the baronial civilisation of early times gave way before the changed conditions of country which began in the reigns of the Tudor kings. It still bears on its surface the traces of the gradual progress of English society in a region where the local life was strong, and where its course has been but slightly affected by the development of modern industry, which in other counties has nearly obliterated the records of the past.



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QUEEN MARGARET'S GOSPELAR.

BY one of those curious freaks of fortune which seem to bring with them greater success than can be achieved by our most arduous and wearisome labour, there has lately been restored to the knowledge and guardianship of those fitted to appreciate it, a rare example of the ms. art of the eleventh century. We may go further, and state that in the Gospelar, or Evangelistarium, of the sainted Queen Margaret, now in the custody of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, we possess a treasure, if not altogether unique on account of its age and workmanship, yet almost unsurpassed when we take into consideration its historical value and personal interest.

At first sight this statement may seem to need some vindication. But before proceeding to explain the grounds on which we so unhesitatingly assert the value of the little book before us, it may be worth while to record the strange chain of circumstances through which this volume became the property of the Bodleian Library, and was by them identified.

The volume (a Gospelar, or Book containing such portions of the four Gospels as were used in the Mass), with a short descriptive account, was advertised in the sale of a private library in July last, as "Evangelia iv. Generatio Iesu Christi," and as being of the fourteenth century. It appeared, however, as an "odd lot," merely added to the general sale, and no distinctive value was set upon it. The Bodleian Library, in ignorance of its precise age, and still more of the value attaching to it, purchased the book for the small sum of £6, as an interesting specimen of illuminated ms. work. On examination it was found to contain on the second leaf a Latin poem in twenty-three lines, descriptive of a miracle of which it had been the subject, and which we might render roughly as follows :

"O Christ, to Thee do we all at every time give thanks, who dost to us in our time exhibit wonders. Certain men, wishing to take a mutual oath, took this book bare, without covering or binding. A priest received it and placed it in the folds of his dress : but on crossing a river the volume dropped into the stream. Its bearer knew not that it had sunk into the deep water. But a certain soldier, after some time perceiving it, was minded to lift the book out of the river, but suddenly trembled on seeing the book lying open, believing that it must be entirely ruined. Nevertheless, he plunged headlong into the water and brought up from the torrent, all open as it lay, this Gospelar. O grace

manifest to all, O great glory! For the book remained in every part uninjured, except two leaves which you see at each end, in which appears some shrinking caused by the water; and this shows the working of Christ's power to protect the holy volume. And in order to show us this work to be still more plainly a miracle, the water had washed away the linen cloth from the middle of the book. God save for ever the king and his holy queen, whose volume was but now rescued from the water! Great Glory be to God, the preserver of the book!"¹

The writing of this poem is described as being "in a hand which might be as early as 1090 or so, but would strike one as somewhat later."² The chance reference of a lady to this story, as being recorded in the Life of St. Margaret, formed the identifying clue; and those who have examined the book, read the poem and compared it with the account given in the Life of St. Margaret by her confessor, as printed in the "Acta Sanctorum," cannot refuse the "conviction that we have before us the very subject of the miracle."³

The adventure itself irresistibly reminds us of a somewhat similar miracle which is recorded as having happened to the celebrated Lindisfarne Gospels now in the British Museum. These Gospels date back as far as the end of the seventh or the very beginning of the eighth century, and

¹ Christe tibi semper grates persoluimus omnes,
Tempore qui nostro nobis miracula pandis.
Hunc liberum quidam inter se iurare volentes
Sumpserunt nudum sine tegmine nonque ligatum,
Presbyter accipiens ponit sinuamine uestis:
Flumine transmisso codex est mersus in amnum:
Portitor ignorat liberum penetrasse profundum,
Sed miles quidam cernens post multa momenta
Tollere iam voluit liberum de flumine mersum,
Sed titubat subito liberum dum uidit apertum,
Credens quod codex ex toto perditus esset.
At tamen immitibus undis corpus cum uertice summo
Hoc euangelium profert de gurgite apertum.
O uirtus clara cunctis, O gloria magna!
Iniuolatus enim codex permanxit ubique,
Excepitis foliis binis que cernis utrinque,
In quibus ex undis paret contractio quedam,
Que testantur opus Christi pro codice sancto.
Hoc opus ut nobis maius mirabile constet
De medio libri pannum lini abtulit unda.
Saluati semper sint Rex Reginaque sancta,
Quorum codex erat nuper saluatus ab undis.
Gloria magna Deo, liberum qui saluat eundem.

² So Mr. Madan, of the Bodleian Library, in an article to which we are much indebted, in the "Academy" for August 6 and 13, 1887. We would here also generally acknowledge Mr. Madan's kind and valuable help throughout this article.

³ *Ib.*

were written by one Eadfrith, afterwards Bishop of Lindisfarne, "in honour of God and Cuthbert." On one occasion, when the monks of Lindisfarne were flying before the Danes, the ship in which they were embarked capsized, with the result that the precious ms. fell into the sea, and was supposed to be irretrievably lost. "By the merits of St. Cuthbert," however, the tide ebbed much farther back than was usual, and the volume was subsequently found high and dry upon the strand, quite three miles from the shore, and perfectly uninjured by the waters. We may doubt whether the literature of our own day would stand so severe a test.

The public and private history of the original possessor of the Gospelar, which (always excepting the value attaching to it as a beautiful specimen of eleventh century ms. work, in singular preservation and of great clearness) constitutes the chief claim of this book to our interest, may, like the volume itself, have been relegated to forgotten shelves in the libraries of our memories. We would therefore venture to subjoin for the benefit of those readers for whom historical treasures and the associations attaching to them have any importance, a slight sketch of the life of Margaret, consort of Malcolm Ceanmor, King of Scotland, sister of Eadgar the Ætheling, and granddaughter of Eadmund Ironside.

In the troublous times which followed the landing of William the Conqueror in 1066, the Ætheling Eadgar, accompanied by his mother and his two sisters, Margaret and Christina, fled for protection to the Court of the Scottish king. Malcolm, although himself engaged at the time on one of his many devastating raids on the adjoining territory of Northumberland, seems to have given the fugitives a hearty welcome and effectual refuge. In truth he had himself been indebted for protection during his youth to Eadward the Confessor, half-brother of Eadmund Ironside, and had probably been acquainted in the Court of that monarch with those who had now to sue for his help. In course of time the king, who, if he was the terror of his enemies, seems to have been much respected by his subjects, solicited the hand of the English Ætheliza Margaret in marriage. She "had, perhaps, been betrothed to Malcolm in the days of King Eadward."¹ His overtures were, however, at first unanimously rejected by herself and her family. But finally, whether from political or prudential motives, opposition was removed, and Malcolm was united to Margaret in about the year 1070.

And now began for Scotland a period of progress and civilisation; a period when she was governed by one who, in the words of Mr. Freeman, "became the mirror of wives, mothers, and queens. . . . Her gentle influence reformed whatever needed to be reformed in her husband, and none laboured more diligently for the advance of temporal and spiritual enlightenment in her adopted country." Another historian tells us that she was "her husband's counsellor, minister, friend: all that Margaret disliked, Malcolm dis-

liked; and all that Margaret loved, he loved." Her life is recorded by Turgot, Bishop of St. Andrews,² her spiritual adviser and friend, with a simplicity of diction and earnestness of affection and respect which carry with them conviction of sincerity. The work was performed for and at the request of Matilda, daughter of Queen Margaret, and wife of Henry I of England.

And such a record of consistent piety, genuine charity, and a life unelfish even to death itself, may well give us pause, enlightened Christian gentlemen and women of the nineteenth century though we be, and heirs of eight centuries of progress.

Immediately on her marriage Queen Margaret caused to be erected the church of Dunfermline, according to the imperfect ideas of her time, with the threefold purpose, as her biographer tells us, of the redemption of the king's soul, the good of her own, and for securing to her children prosperity in the present life and in that which is to come. The church was in connection with a monastery, and was raised during the reign of her son, David I, to the dignity of an abbey. It was her delight to present to this church, and to that of St. Andrews, costly gifts of every description—rare gems, and needlework of great magnificence. But her works of charity were not only confined to such displays of regal liberality. Her gifts to the poor and her work among them also deserve record. Besides the washing of the feet of certain poor—a practice which we are relieved to find she reserved for herself and her husband during the days of Advent and Lent only—she supported at her own sole charge four-and-twenty destitute persons. Every morning also, in the above-named seasons, before partaking of any refreshment herself—of which, after nights broken by prayer and watching, she must have been in urgent need—she was wont to feed with her own hands nine little orphans with some "soft food, such as children at that tender age like;" and, with the help of Malcolm and a chosen few, to minister by alms and food to the wants of some three hundred poor. She also caused dwellings to be erected in the vicinity of St. Andrews, for the entertainment of the devout who thronged thither, where they were housed and fed entirely at her expense. But not lowest among her many good deeds should be reckoned the delicate system of espionage, by which she discovered the condition of many English slaves within her realm—slaves who were English men and women driven across the Border by the exterminating sword of the Conqueror. All such as were harshly or cruelly dealt by, the good queen ransomed.

The benefits which Margaret rendered to her church, although supplying an instance of feminine interference almost unprecedented in the annals of church history, were by no means inconsiderable. She insisted on the restoration of purer practices and the eradication of certain heresies which had crept in, perhaps unawares,

¹ E. Freeman, "The Norman Conquest" Vol. iv., p. 508.

² It is by some thought that Theodoric of Durham is the author of this life.

but were now in full possession. She seems to have been a subtle logician, and we are told with triumph of the unfailing manner in which she was wont to convince her antagonists. For this purpose she appears to have held miniature church congresses, in which were discussed matters of importance relative to the church. By this method she restored to general use the reception of the sacrament on Easter Day, a proper reverence for and observation of the Lord's Day, and effected several other radical reformations. Thus she restored also the habit of returning thanks after meals, a custom which had fallen out of use. And this she effected by causing a health to be drunk to those who had not failed in the observance of this duty. In consequence, this cup was called the "Grace Drink," or "St. Margaret's Blessing." Analogies to this custom may be found in the "grace cups" and "loving cups" which are still used at State or corporation dinners, and in our universities. It seems strange to find in this queen of long ago a champion for the maxim: "A man may not marry his deceased wife's sister." Nevertheless, Queen Margaret triumphed here as elsewhere, in opposition to what we learn had heretofore been the custom of the country.

That the queen was a strict disciplinarian with her children will not surprise those who remember that, until lately, the rule of Queen Margaret was that in general acceptance: "He that spareth the rod hateth his son." And that the results of this method of education were favourable is proved by the seven excellent kings who succeeded her, and three of whom were her sons. The history of her pious death is sympathetically recorded by her chronicler. She expired holding before her eyes the so-called Black Cross—that cross in honour of which her son St. David afterwards built the church of the Holy Rood near Edinburgh, and the possession of which was, in still later times, cause of so much dispute. Her husband and eldest son were slain in battle while she lay upon her deathbed. She was canonised some 150 years after her decease.

But to return once more to the book before us. Of it we read that Malcolm "would often snatch the Gospel-book from his wife's dear hand and kiss it out of love for her,"¹ and the following extract from the Life of St. Margaret is that which formed the clue to the identification of the Gospel:²

"She had a book of the Gospels beautifully adorned with gold and precious stones, and ornamented with the figures of the four Evangelists, painted and gilt. All the capital letters throughout the volume were radiant with gold. She had always felt a particular attachment for this book, more so than for any of the others which she usually read. It happened that as the person who carried it was once crossing a ford, he let the book, which had been carelessly folded in a wrapper, fall into the middle of stream. Unconscious of what had occurred, the man quietly con-

tinued his journey; but when he wished to produce the book, suddenly it dawned upon him that he had lost it. Long was it sought, but nowhere could it be found. At last it was discovered lying open at the bottom of the river. Its leaves had been kept in constant motion by the action of the water, and the little coverings of silk which protected the letters of gold from becoming injured by contact with the leaves, were swept away by the force of the current. Who could have imagined that the book was worth anything after such an accident as this? Who could have believed that so much as a single letter would have been visible? Yet of a truth it was taken up from the middle of the river so perfect, so uninjured, so free from damage, that it looked as if it had not been touched by the water. The whiteness of the leaves and the form of the letters throughout the volume continued exactly as they had been before it had fallen into the stream, except that on the margin of the leaves, towards the edge, the least possible mark of damp might be detected. The book was conveyed to the queen, and the miracle was reported to her at the same time; and she, having thanked Christ, valued it much more highly than she had done before. Whatever others may think, I for my part believe that this wonder was worked by our Lord out of His love for this venerable queen."

To the present good condition of the book itself we can ourselves testify. The last leaf but one is the only one which distinctly bears the marks of its immersion, though "the whiteness of the leaves" is perhaps not so apparent now as it may have been in the days of "the miracle." It is true that there is no trace remaining of the "gold and precious stones" referred to, the book being at present strongly bound in "brown calf or leather," "perhaps of the early part of the seventeenth century." But such gems probably refer to the case in which it was customary to deposit precious volumes. The ms. is beautifully illuminated with four full-length figures of the Evangelists. "Sts. Matthew and Mark have curtains suspended from the top of the golden framework [which surrounds each illustration]. Sts. Luke and John are seated under rounded arches, with buildings in the upper angles of each picture. St. John is seated in a large square-backed chair, and Sts. Matthew and Mark's Gospel-books, which are of gold, rest on the top of tall, slender tripods. St. Luke holds a long golden scroll, and St. John's Gospel-book rests on his left knee."³

The text of the ms. is written in minuscule letters, with rubrics in half-uncial, and most of the ornamental design is confined to the first page of each Gospel, facing the pictures of the Evangelists. The initial "L" in the words "Liber generationis" of St. Matthew's Gospel is the most curious and characteristic letter in the ms. It is two and three-quarter inches high, and one and a-half broad, and the left-hand corner, instead of being angular, as is usual, is rounded with a bold sweep. Each end of the letter ter-

¹ Sir F. Palgrave, "History of England and Normandy," Vol. iv., p. 317.

² We have here, as elsewhere, followed the translation from the "Acta Sanctorum" of W. Forbes-Leith, S. J.

³ Prof. Westwood, in a short descriptive article in the "Academy" for Aug. 20th, 1887.

minates in an intricate network of gold, finished with hounds'-heads in flesh-colour. The body of the letter itself is bordered with gold, inside of which runs a band of deep Indian-red, which in its turn borders the central band of light-red or flesh-colour. This central band is decorated with dots of the darker red, circled with flake-white. The same ink in which the ms. is written appears to have been used in outlining the whole of this initial letter, as also the other illuminations. The book contains nothing but the words of the Gospels, without any liturgical additions, and every sentence of our Lord's own words, and these alone, begins with a gold letter. Further description, however, seems unnecessary, since there is rumour afloat that a wealthy Scottish gentleman intends to have the little book reproduced in facsimile for the delight and instruction of those interested in such matters.

The fate of the volume before us during the long centuries of its existence, and the various adventures and vicissitudes which it must have experienced, are matters which naturally excite our curiosity. And yet the questions involved are ones almost impossible to answer. But this time last year the Gospelar was lying snug, if unknown, in the parochial library of the remote village of Brent Eleigh, in Suffolk. We probably owe to the desire for capitalising of the guardians of this unimportant foundation the fact that our precious Gospelar was thrust into the sale of another library, and exposed to the ignominy of public auction. And even here a "miraculous" power seems to have preserved the volume, causing it to join the goodly company of St. Augustine's Gospels and the Venerable Bede's copy of the Acts, and even leading to the chance clue which identified it. To trace its fate from the hands of its original possessor down to the present day would be difficult—well-nigh impossible. Moreover, the marks of ownership which its pages bear are but few and insufficient. They may be briefly summed up in the words of Mr. Madan as being the following: "Ceraelh [l and h perhaps doubtful] eli," scratched with a stylus, on folio 30^r at an early date; "Linguo Quax ranis, crooke corvis, vanaque vanis Ad Logicam pergo quae mortis non timet ergo" and "Claytoun Sudlaw," and "John Stowe" (the Chronicler?), both apparently sixteenth century; "William Howard;" and a name which Bodley's librarian reads as "O'Reilly," of the seventeenth century; "Liber Ihois this ys bouke," seventeenth century (?); "Fane Edge, 1716," and "Brent Ely Library, L. i. 30," eighteenth century; and, quite modern, "No. [9 altered to] 8." Mr. Madan adds in a

note, "The words 'William Howard' are undoubtedly in the handwriting of Lord William Howard of Naworth, who died in 1640. In the 'Catalogus MSSrum. Angliae et Hiberniae' (Oxford, 1697), vol. ii. p. 14, is a list of the mss. possessed by Charles Howard, Earl of Carlisle, collected by his great-great-grandfather, whose signature is in the book; but the ms. seems not to be in that catalogue, unless it be miserably represented by '637. 27. Officium B. Virginis Fragm. de Miraculis.' Lord Howard may have obtained it from Stowe, and probably gave it its present binding."

Such is the evidence which we possess, and from it it is beyond our power, at present, at any rate, even to guess how the Gospelar fell into the hands of John Stowe, nor can we attempt to bridge over the huge gap between the days of Queen Margaret and the worthy chronicler. Again, it is difficult to trace how the book passed out of the collection of Lord Howard and became the property of the Rev. Fane Edge. Yet we know that during the last century Lord Howard's books were left in a neglected condition in the large press of a library, easily accessible to visitors, all of whom may not have been of the most scrupulously honest character. And, indeed, this theory may not seem far-fetched when we remember that even in our own day the eighth commandment is not considered to be generally applicable to the question of the possession of books. On the other hand the Gospelar may have been given, together with sundry other treasures, at Lord Howard's death, to his nephew, Lord Arundel, as head of the house. And it appears that the Countess of Arundel sold some books to Lord Stafford before the bulk of the printed books and mss. in the Arundel collection was given by her son Henry, Duke of Norfolk, to the Royal Society and the College of Arms. Thus the book might have passed naturally out of the keeping of the Howard family, and by circumstances impossible to trace into that of the Rev. Fane Edge, who, unconscious of the fame which he was bestowing on himself and the village, presented it to the Brent Eleigh parochial library about the year 1732. This little library was founded by one Dr. Henry Colman, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who was born in 1715, and was squire of the place.

We cannot sufficiently congratulate ourselves on the happy ignorance which, seconded, as it seems to us, by the happiest train of circumstances, has restored to the nation at large, and to a fitting and dignified repose after centuries of wandering and adventure, this Gospelar of Queen Margaret.

ELLA EDERSHEIM.

THE QUEEN'S HOMES.

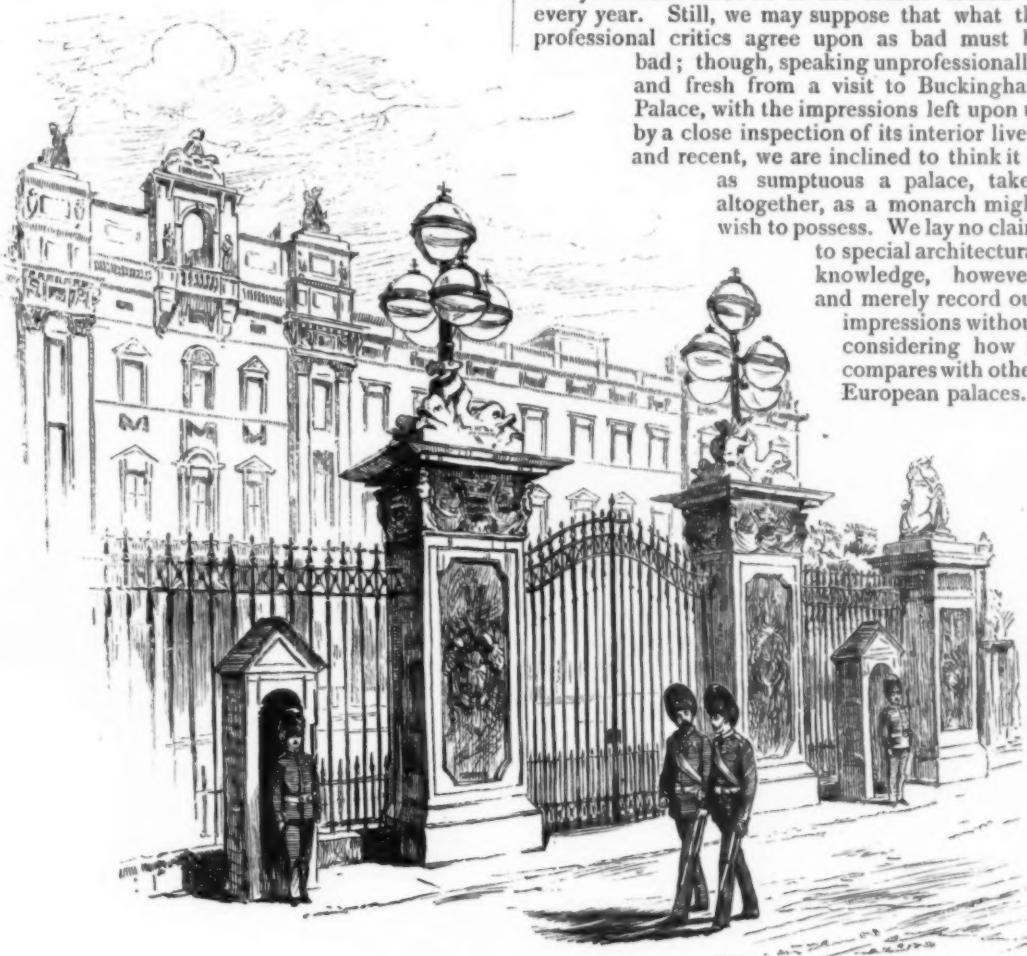
BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

NO palace has been so much abused as the familiar edifice which fronts on the Mall of St. James's, the State residence of the Queen in London. Probably nine-tenths of the cultured

disgrace to the country." The majority of the Queen's loyal Londoners are ignorant of this; and so we make bold to say are ninety-nine out of every hundred intelligent foreigners, who, guide-book in hand, look up with vacant stare at its always-closed windows in the tourist season of every year. Still, we may suppose that what the professional critics agree upon as bad must be bad; though, speaking unprofessionally, and fresh from a visit to Buckingham Palace, with the impressions left upon us by a close inspection of its interior lively and recent, we are inclined to think it is

as sumptuous a palace, taken altogether, as a monarch might wish to possess. We lay no claim

to special architectural knowledge, however, and merely record our impressions without considering how it compares with other European palaces.



FRONT VIEW OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

dwellers in the fashionable quarter who pass it daily on their way to and from Whitehall and Westminster are unaware of the severe criticism to which it has given rise, and understand but little of the merits or demerits of its architectural proportions. A writer of some research, whose gossiping volume lies at our elbow,¹ styles it "peculiarly mean and ugly," and says that it has become "a laughing-stock to foreigners and a

Immense sums have been expended upon Buckingham Palace; not far short, indeed, in the aggregate, of a million sterling. It was built part at one time and part at another. Nash, a *protégé* of George IV, was architect of the principal, or inner part, and Blore, of the eastern façade. The former was persistently ridiculed for his share in the work, and probably to some extent unfairly, for he had to make an old building into a new one, and to please every one. He succeeded but badly in either. The original structure, which Mr. Nash

¹ "Round about Piccadilly," by H. B. Wheatley.

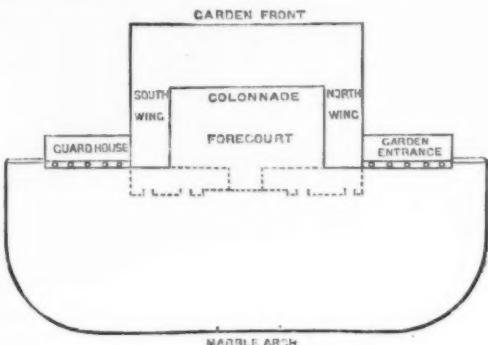
had to transform into a palace, was Buckingham House (some time known as the Queen's House), bought by George III for a town residence. All his children, excepting George IV, were born here; and we may incidentally mention that the King's famous library (readers of Boswell will remember the enthusiastic account which loyal old Dr. Johnson gave his friends in Leicester Square of his interview with George III), now one of the principal treasures of the British Museum, was here first collected. When Buckingham House came into George IV's possession he set about transforming it into a palace. He would have preferred, no doubt, to build an entirely new one, without regard to the formation of the old mansion; but Parliament, having already shown some disposition to liberality in respect of his pecuniary affairs, he was probably chary of driving that not always willing horse too far. At all events, when Nash took the business of rebuilding Buckingham House in hand, in 1825, he was limited to making additions and alterations on the plan of the old residence. These were being carried on with more or less energy for ten years. From 1827 to 1829 £334,481 were paid for building, and there were then £160,000 still owing. What advancement the business made down to 1835 we know not; but in that year, the fifth of William IV's reign, it appears to have been so far completed that privileged persons were permitted a view of the interior of the King's new Palace. We take leave to subjoin the independent contemporary criticisms of it from competent authorities of that time:

"*June 20, 1835.*—Yesterday, in company with Mr. D. and several other persons," wrote Von Raumer, "I visited Buckingham House, the King's new Palace in St. James's Park. Many objections might be made to the external arrangement and proportion, though its extent, and the colonnade, gives it an air of grandeur. But what shall I say of the interior? I have never seen anything that might be pronounced, in every respect, more of a total failure; in fact, it is said that the King, though immense sums have been expended, is so ill-satisfied with it that he has no mind to take up his residence in it when the unhappy edifice shall be finished—and the dislike appears to me to be very natural. I, myself, should not care to have a free residence in it, for I should vex myself all the day long at the fantastic mixture of every style of architecture and decorations—the absence of all pure taste—the total want of an eye for measure and proportion. . . . The best thing would be for Aladdin with his magic lamp to come and remove it into an African desert. Then travellers might go on pilgrimage to it, and learned men at home puzzle their brains over their descriptions and drawings, wondering in what a curious state of civilisation and taste the unknown people who built in such a style must have lived, and how such deviations from all rule was to be explained."¹ Thus the earlier foreign critic.

"Within the last ten days we had an opportunity," remarked a writer in the "*Athenæum*" (July, 1835),

"of examining the interior of that Penelope's web of a building—Buckingham Palace. It is something quite extraordinary of its kind, and, we are bold to say, unrivalled by Versailles, or the Tuileries, or the far-famed new buildings at Munich. As we passed on through one low room and dark passage after another, we could not help wondering what our foreign friends will think of this marvel of modern London. Seriously, we do not believe that so much trumpery decoration, bad contrivance, and gratuitous waste of money were ever packed together in so limited a space. The hall is so dark that it must be artificially lighted even in the daytime, and so low as to excuse, in some measure, the profusion of dwarf columns, which keep the roof up; the State apartments upstairs are decorated in a new style of architecture, which we beg leave to call the confectionary, with pillars the very picture of raspberry ices, and ceilings 'pedigreed over' (to borrow a Scotch word) with filagree work, much after the style of those *pièces de résistance* which are to be seen in the centre of dinner-tables on state occasions." Thus the earlier English critic.

Fifty years have passed since these remarks were published, and from time to time within that period Buckingham Palace has undergone extensive alterations. The present eastern front was added in 1847 by Blore, a painstaking architect, who first became prominent through being engaged by Sir Walter Scott to design Abbotsford. We have seen an excellent engraving of the palace as it was when Blore took it in hand; and it seems to us that the structure of Nash was by no means unimposing viewed from the Mall. Nash's building had a deep forecourt by which the main entrance was approached, with wings on either side, and a handsome inner colonnade. The reader will possibly understand the matter better by aid of the following rough diagram of the eastern front as it was when Queen Victoria first occupied Buckingham Palace, and indeed for some years after.



Blore's façade connecting the wings is shown by dotted lines. The Marble Arch was removed to where it now stands on the north-east side of Hyde Park on completion of Blore's work. It may interest the reader to know that that familiar structure was intended by George IV to stand before the palace as a monument to Lord Nelson.

¹ "England in 1835," by Friedrich von Raumer.

Colossal statues and bas-reliefs were designed for it by Flaxman, all of which were sculptured in marble at great expense. A seated figure of Britannia with spear and shield (on the latter of which was shown the head of Nelson) was to have surmounted the arch, and this was to have been sup-

marks that formerly she was only too happy to go to London, and wretched to leave it, but that after her marriage she was more content to live in the country. This partiality of the Queen has given occasion to more uncivil words in print than probably have been at any time uttered against her.



THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

ported by winged Victories and figures emblematic of Fame, and so on. George IV died, and Nash, who, by-the-way, built Regent Street and other noteworthy parts of the West End of the town, was removed from his post, and Britannia and the winged Victories were utilised in other ways. We believe that Britannia, with Nelson's head chipped off the shield, now does duty as Minerva at the east end of the National Gallery.

In one of her published letters the Queen re-

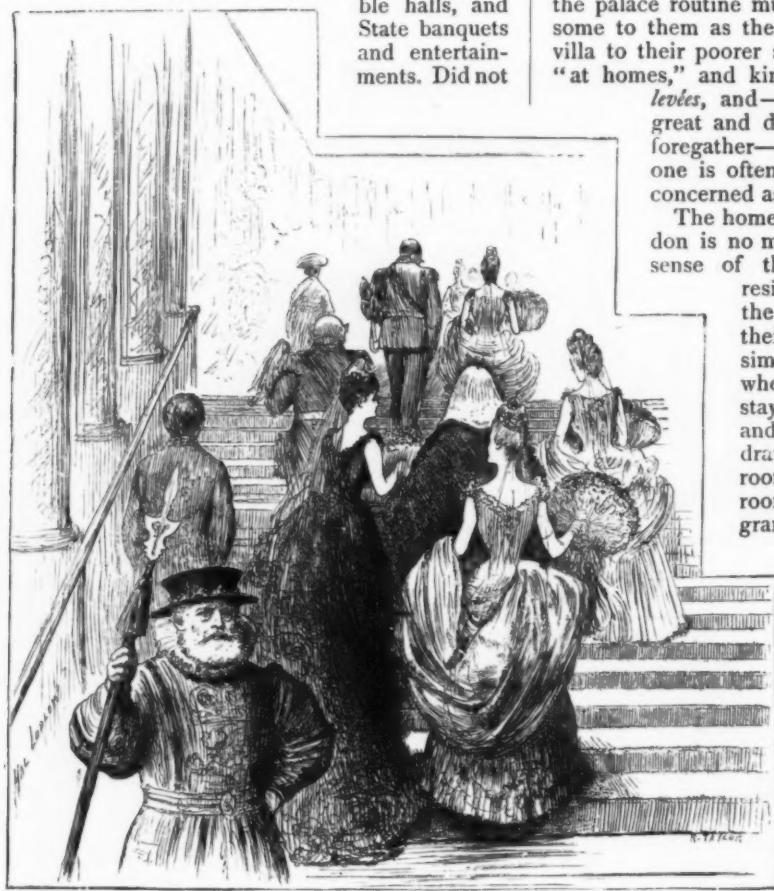
It is not difficult to see that the early retired life of the Queen in the old-fashioned palace at Kensington, in the country mansion of Claremont, in the seclusion of Norris Castle and elsewhere, had somewhat to do with this gradual misliking for the gaiety of the town. But we venture to think that a year or two spent in a great State palace under the State discipline (if we may be allowed the expression) necessarily there maintained—an essential part of every monarchy—would, sooner

or later, tire any sovereign not endowed with a vigorous and early-cultivated love for State pageantry, ceremonial, etiquette, and regal splendour. Even a monarch may grow weary of grand rooms and marble halls, and State banquets and entertainments. Did not

pences) and palaces galore, who carried about with him a leather case which, fresh-stuffed with straw every morning, served him as his bed at night? Kings and queens are, after all, not unlike ordinary folk in their habits and dispositions, and the palace routine must at times become as irksome to them as the monotony of the suburban villa to their poorer subjects. These have their "at homes," and kings and princes have their

levées, and—with no disrespect to the great and distinguished folk who there foregather—if the truth were told, the one is oftentimes as big a bore to all concerned as the other.

The home of Queen Victoria in London is no more a "home" in the true sense of the word than the official residence of the First Lord of the Admiralty or Treasury is theirs. Buckingham Palace is simply a royal grand hotel, where none but royalty may stay. It has its public rooms and private apartments, its State drawing-rooms and dining-room and its private drawing-room and dining-room, its grand staircase and lesser staircase, its marble hall and plainer hall, its principal chambers and smaller chambers, its days of splendid entertainment to distinguished guests, and its days of ordinary entertainment to the rank and file. There are days when it is full and days when it is empty. It has its summer season of coming and going of grand folk, and its winter season when all the blinds are down, and the corridors unfrequented, and the



ON THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

Louis the Magnificent, with all his monstrous pride and love of pomp, build Trianon, when there was no palace in the world to equal his palace of Versailles? Did not his successor have his Laboratoire du Roi where he sometimes played the cook in mulling chocolate and mixing pancakes for Pompadour and Du Barri? Did not King William of glorious memory—King William from the Hague—prefer his rough camp bed, companion of all his campaigns, to all the damask-hung, canopied four-posters with gilded doves and cherubims that the Lord Chamberlain's department of his day could supply? Did not another excellent monarch, familiarly known as "Farmer George," grow weary of the delicious dishes of the *haute cuisine Française* prepared in Windsor kitchen, and demand boiled leg of mutton and turnips, with apple dumplings? Was it not the Czar Nicholas, the autocrat of all the Russias, owner of untold millions (when he came to England he distributed £100 notes like six-

furniture covered up, and the grand throne of crimson and gold enwrapped in upholsterer's linen. On one occasion when we happened to be at the palace, it was a blaze of light, hundreds of candles in great glass chandeliers, with dependent lustres, were lit, and dazzling electric rays of excessive brilliancy were thrown on magnificent carpets, and crimson, and amber, and blue, and green, and white satin and gold furniture; and on another occasion all seemed sombre and depressing. We walked through the great marble hall to the grand staircase, and stumbled at the foot for lack of light to see. Buckingham Palace is a splendid royal residence, notwithstanding, and a fit one for a queen to stay in. But as a home, it is no more to be compared with Osborne or Balmoral than Charles Dickens's old house at Gad's Hill with the Hotel Métropole.

One of the neatest sayings attributed to poor Kirke White is that "mere description is generally mere nonsense." He meant, of course, that, how-

ever painstaking the description, it inevitably falls short of the reality. One may convey in conversation a tolerable idea of something strikingly impressive, or that casually arrests the attention, but rarely with satisfactory distinctness in writing. Buckingham Palace is made up of a number of very splendid apartments, but, except in respect of matters of upholstery and decoration, one apartment is very like another. To limit description of these to size and proportion would be to inflict much weariness on the reader, and not less on the visitor. Buckingham Palace contains comparatively few pictures of exceptional interest, old or modern, and still fewer works of art. In this particular it is not nearly so attractive as Osborne. Nor is there any apartment in the Palace that produces so strong an impression as the Waterloo Gallery, or the fine old hall of St. George at Windsor Castle. The Ball-room is the most noteworthy apartment, but it is quite modern (built, we believe, some twenty-five years ago), and, with the exception of a copy of Raphael's fresco of "Parnassus," from the Vatican, above the dais, and female figures typical of the Hours in the panels between the windows, contains little to detain the visitor, already sufficiently satiated with the sight of rich and costly decorative display. We have the usual State rooms, pictures, cabinets, precious Sèvres china, malachite vases, enamels, statuary, gilding, marble, and bronze chimney-pieces, metal work, and the like, common to most palaces. We pass through the Green Drawing-room, the White Drawing-room, the Blue Drawing-room, the Picture Gallery, the Throne-room, the Queen's Private Closet, the State Dining-room, the Ball and Supper-rooms, and ever so many other rooms and offices, and, as it seems to us, endless corridors besides. Down in the basement we see officials of the kitchen going to and fro, and upstairs catch an occasional glimpse of a housemaid's skirt, for the necessary work of a palace has to be performed as the necessary work of any ordinary dwelling. Out of doors, gardeners and others are busily employed preparing for a garden-party, at which the Queen is to receive the most notable personages at present in London.

The Ball-room is the grandest apartment. It is of noble proportions, well lighted from above and at the sides by electricity and handsome candelabra. The ceiling is richly decorated and the walls panelled with crimson silk damask, and the floor is of highly polished wood, inlaid in striking design. On either side are three tiers of seats, and at the upper end is an orchestra, at back of which is an organ, in George IV's time we believe at the Pavilion at Brighton. At one side of this orchestra stood a splendid grand piano, by Erard, richly gilded, with scroll-work designs in bright colours; and at the other a harp. The royal dais, when a State ball is given, is at the upper end, opposite the organ. The room was arranged for a State concert, of which there are two given each Season; and very fine it looked, brilliantly lighted up. With an audience comprising royalty and distinguished guests of the Queen from all parts of the world—ambassadors, statesmen, naval and military officials of high rank,

State functionaries, all in glittering uniforms; and hundreds of ladies in beautiful ball-gowns sparkling with diamonds—it presents a scene not excelled by any to be seen at any other Court in Europe. Adjacent to the Ball-room is the Supper-room, an essential retreat at all royal and social gatherings. It is a lofty apartment, lighted by small gas chandeliers in the domed ceiling (which is painted to represent the awning of a tent), and by several gilt candelabra of electric lights. The tables are arranged round three sides of this room; and between the entrance doors and at the sides are lofty buffets decorated with flowers, on which are displayed numerous treasures of gold plate from the Royal Plate-room at Windsor.

The Queen's Closet is a very interesting room, the walls of which are hung with numerous portraits in enamel of historical interest—Nelson, Wellington, Pitt, William IV, the Georges, and the princes and princesses of their time, and kings and queens, if we remember rightly, of earlier date still. The mantel-piece of marble with bronze supports is very beautiful. There are some exquisite cabinets and inlaid tables in this apartment, which the Queen uses as a Robing-room on occasions of State.

The Picture Gallery, upholstered in crimson and gold (a rose, shamrock, and thistle design is woven in the silken coverings of the seats and chairs), contains many paintings, chiefly of the Dutch school, collected by George IV. These com-



AT ONE OF THE BARRIERS.

prise examples of Rembrandt, Rubens, Teniers, Ostade, Cuyp, Wouevmans, and other of their contemporaries or pupils, and form the most note-

worthy collection in the palace. Here and there in other rooms are portraits by Gainsborough, Zoffany, Vanloo, Copley, and others, chiefly of personages of the family of George III; and one or two also of her Majesty the Queen and late

lery is of thin perforated metal, so that the sound can penetrate freely; but the musicians are invisible. There is a similar arrangement in the Royal Dining-room at Windsor, suggested, we believe, by the late Prince Consort.

The ceiling of the Throne-room, in which the Drawing-rooms are held, is curious, and of the style described by the "Athenæum" critic of 1835 as being "pedigreed over with filagree work." If it had been done in the year 1885, the cost of the filagree work might have been saved without detriment to the artistic appearance of the room, for, truth to say, it is hardly in keeping with the Throne-room of a real Queen, but has somewhat of the stage - carpenter and scene-painter look about it. It is what is known as "coved," richly gilt and decorated with heraldic designs representative of the United Kingdom, interspersed with badges of the Garter, Thistle, St. Patrick, and Bath orders of knighthood. Around is a carved frieze with bas-reliefs representing the Wars of the Roses. The throne itself is "not a patch upon" the throne in the House of Lords; the crimson and gold-fringed velvet canopy being a trifle dingy, to which the royal coat-of-arms of

England, wrought in purple

and gold above the throne, presents a bright contrast. The walls are panelled in dark and light crimson silk in stripes, and the carpet is a rich one. Meetings of the Council in the Prince Consort's time were held in this room.

The one part of Buckingham Palace which disappointed our expectation was the pleasure-ground in the rear, which we overlooked from the White Drawing-room. It comprises a fine stretch of lawn gently sloping from the terrace-walk to the lake, but the place seems woefully bare of trees. There is a little wood in the left and right distance, and a plenty of dwarf trees and shrubs about the Garden Pavilion; but, on the whole, the aspect from the Palace was disappointing—possibly as most things disappoint us of the beauty or grandeur of which we previously entertain exalted notions. For many long years had we desired to walk within this "Rus in urbe" (such was the Duke of Buckingham's inscription—he who patronised Dryden—over the garden-front of old Buckingham House), and now that the opportunity had come, and we had but to open the door and walk out, we let the chance go and turned back into the Palace. Every one was hard at



IN THE PICTURE GALLERY

Prince Consort, if we remember rightly, by Winterhalter. The half-vaulted ceiling of glass creates a pleasing impression. On either side of this gallery are bronze-gilt candelabra supporting numerous globes of electric light; between these, on pedestals of porphyry, are placed marble busts.

The Drawing-rooms are designated by the colour of the decorations and upholstery. Thus in the Green Drawing-room the curtains and wall-panels are of rich green satin, and the chairs of the same. The White Drawing-room is upholstered in white and amber; and the Blue Drawing-room in rich dark-blue satin, relieved by lighter blue. The floors are covered with splendid Axminster carpets, wrought in large design, and in the lighter colours, the groundwork chiefly white. Around and about each room are beautiful vases, cabinets, tables, and the walls are hung with portraits, those in the State Dining-room being of the four Georges, their wives and children; George IV, by Lawrence, in the robes of the Garter, having the centre place of honour over the fireplace. Above the arch at the end of the apartment is concealed a music gallery, in which is placed the band that performs during a banquet. The wall of this gal-

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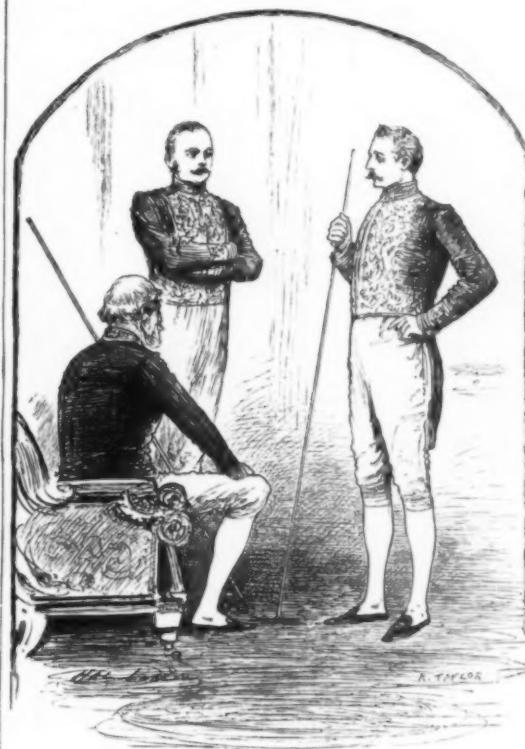
work outside preparing against the Queen's coming to London, putting up tents here and there, mowing the grass, and so on; and the sun was obscured—as it generally is in London, even in June—and the air was nipping and eager, and the clouds fretful, so that there were no great inducements to a pilgrimage to the Pavilion. Amongst the distinguished artists employed to decorate this garden retreat in the early married days of the Queen were MacLise, Leslie, Landseer, Dyce, Ewins, and Stanfield. The Queen and Prince took great interest in the work, and made frequent visits to the Pavilion to see how the artists were progressing. Ewins, in writing of this time, observes that in many things the Queen and her Consort were a pattern to their age. "They have breakfasted, heard morning prayers with the household in the private chapel, and are out some distance from the Palace, talking to us in the summer-house, before half-past nine o'clock, sometimes earlier. After the public duties of the day, and before dinner, they come out again, evidently delighted to get away from the bustle of the world to enjoy each other's society in the solitude of the garden. Here, too, the royal children are brought out by the nurses, and the whole arrangement seems like real domestic pleasure." The grounds are said to cover about forty acres, including the lake of about five acres. They are not so secluded as they were in years gone by, being now overlooked from the upper windows of the lofty mansions in Grosvenor Place.



GENTLEMEN-AT-ARMS.

There are many entrances to Buckingham Palace—the Queen's private entrance by way of the garden, near Constitution Hill; the Privy Purse entrance in the north wing; the Equerries'

in the south wing; the grand entrance in the centre quadrangle; the entrance for the general company attending the drawing-rooms and State entertainments in Buckingham Palace Road; and the tradesmen's entrance a few yards west of it.



PAGES OF THE BACKSTAIRS.

Ambassadors and ministers, and some other persons of special distinction, have the privilege of entering by way of the principal entrance under the archway facing St. James's Mall.

Four Drawing-rooms and two State Concerts and two State Balls are ordinarily held every year at Buckingham Palace: the four last in June and July, and the four former two before and two after Easter. Drawing-rooms are held either at two or three o'clock in the afternoon. The Queen usually remains in the Throne-room for about an hour, when her place is taken by the Princess of Wales; the fatigue of standing, while some three hundred and more ladies pay their respects to her Majesty, being naturally more trying now than in former years.

Though Buckingham Palace is now so seldom occupied, in time past, thirty years ago, it was the scene of all the great State festivities of the Court—banquets, dinners, balls, and gatherings of the nobility of every kind. It has temporarily received many of the Queen's guests—the Czar Nicholas of Russia and his successor Alexander, the late Emperor and Empress of the French, the Sultan of Turkey, and many of the lesser princes and

potentates of Europe. In the part built during the lifetime of George IV, and made ready for occupation in the reign of his successor, neither king showed any desire to avail himself of its ample and stately accommodation. It was not until July 13th of 1837 that it received a royal tenant in the person of her present Majesty. On the whole, as regards both exterior and interior, we

are inclined to think that Buckingham Palace has been needlessly abused. It fulfils all the essential purposes for which it was built, those, namely, of a State residence. As for living in it, it might suit the magnificent requirements of a Bonanza king, but scarcely the usually modest taste of the royalty of England.

CHARLES EYRE PASCOE.



THE STATE KETTLEDRUM.



MY WILD GIRLHOOD.

PRAIRIE FIRES.

ONE of the greatest terrors to a Kansas farmer twenty years ago was a fire—not a puny fire, consuming his log-house or his stable, but a great, far-reaching prairie fire, which, sweeping up before the wind, threatened to envelop his farm, his crops, his fences, and his house, and demolish all before his eyes. The old and wary settler, made cunning through much suffering, could, if he had a little warning, generally save himself. But all the settlers were not old and cunning, and in that case it was a bad business for them. We were neither the one nor the other when our first dangerous prairie fire advanced upon us one pleasant autumn day. Our house stood high upon the rolling prairie, and could be seen from a distance of many miles on all sides. The wild girlhood of which I write lies behind me now almost a quarter of a century, and at that time our abode was nearly the last outpost of civilisation on the plains which stretched westward from our fences many hundreds of miles to the Rocky Mountains.

As we stood farthest west, we were in the

greatest danger from the autumn fires. These fires used to travel eastward from the military road leading to Fort Scott, as they generally sprang from the neglected camp-fires of the teamsters who traversed that road carrying stores and forage to the garrison. One fine autumn morning we saw fluttering along the horizon those long ribbons of smoke which tell of a young fire just starting upon its wicked career. Though new to Kansas life, we were, some of us, not utterly bereft of sense, and the master of the house cast many an anxious glance towards that distant Western horizon whence a fresh, invigorating breeze was blowing. As the day lengthened the breeze strengthened—as breezes are apt to do which have an open space, either of land or water, over which to range at will. My father became rapidly uneasy. A neighbour—a regular out-West prairie squatter—seeing our danger and our ignorance, sent a message to us, which was delivered by his small son, to the following effect: “Dad ‘lows you’uns had jist better plough roun’ an’ back fire.”

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After this oracular utterance the small boy departed swiftly homewards. Now "ploughing around" conveyed some meaning to our minds, which we very promptly acted upon. My memory conjures up the quaint figure of a little girl dressed in a mongrel costume of blue-striped shirt and trousers and large sun-bonnet, sitting astride of an enormous brown mare, which she guided with one hand while with the other she whipped up the brown mare's lazy mate. I was that little girl. While I drove round and round our farm my father held the plough-handles, desperately hoping to make a band of unburnable furrows broad enough to stop the fire.

Perhaps it may be wondered why we had to plough all around our farm when the fire bore down on us from the westward only.

Our homestead was like a little island in the middle of an ocean of dry grass, and if one point were left unguarded, the fire, creeping insidiously around our shores, would be sure to find it out and attack us from the rear. Therefore we ploughed all around our farm, which was a half-mile square. Just think of it! Two long miles of hard work, only to make a narrow brown band of soil scarce two spans wide. How weak was such a defence against the fierce onslaught of our fiery foe! All through that day we worked, not stopping for a moment's rest, neither horses nor man nor child. What food we needed was snatched from a tin pail brought to us from the house, and we quenched our burning thirst with gallons of tepid water from the spring. When the prairie is on fire the very air seems burning, and chokes one with its hot and poisonous breath. And so we toiled on without ceasing until sunset. By this time the fire was come near enough for us to hear the noise of its advance, and the child had become so weary that she fell asleep at her work. Yes, actually asleep, with her arms around the mare's neck and her head lost in the mane, while her short legs, stretched at right angles to her body upon the creature's broad back, made her look like a fly on a pumpkin. Yet all this fierce labour had resulted in only a narrow strip of ploughed land, hardly wide enough to check a child in its race, and as a mere nothing to the hot fire that was coming on.

Our neighbour, the prairie squatter, no doubt marvelling greatly within himself at the "powerful ignorance of that there Britisher ole man," sent another messenger with advice. (My father was not thirty-five at the time, but on the prairies every man is an "ole man" or an "ole hoss," just as in Ireland they are "byes" (boys) until married). This time the messenger was a bright-eyed girl of sixteen, with flashing teeth and rosy cheeks. Nancy Weddell was her name, and she came as an angel of light to us in our ignorance.

Nancy spoke to us as we staggered along after that weary plough. She said:

"My old Dad 'lows you'uns better be mighty pert with that thar' back firin', else yo' house'll be clar burnt out."

"What do you mean by back firing?" asked my father.

"Land o' nation! Didn't you never hearn

tell o' back firin'?" exclaimed the astonished Nancy.

"No!" shouted my father. Perhaps he added a hasty expletive in his agitation.

"My old Dad, he 'lowed as much. He said he kalkerlated there wa'n't many fires in them places you'uns come from."

My father here made some remarks of a nature not complimentary to the prairie and its fires, which are needless to record.

"Look ahere, you chile," said Nancy to me, "jiss g' long to the house, an' git some shingles, right smart."

And as I set off through the long grass on my errand, she further hurried me with the familiar exclamation, "Pike there!" This expression was universal in Kansas. It meant that the utmost speed was required, but we never could find out whence it was derived.

Nancy in the meantime was not idle.

Standing on the weather side of our ploughed strip of land, she lighted the prairie grass all along the furrow for some hundreds of yards. A prairie fire, when once well started, will leap and bound along a hundred feet at a time, shooting out tongues of flame irregularly all along the main line of its advance, but when first lighted it is very feeble, and easily put out by beating it with a wooden paddle. Running nimbly up and down along the furrows, Nancy managed to start and keep going a long strip of fire, and as fast as it went backwards across the furrows she stamped and paddled it into order again. Thus coerced, the fire was obliged to burn slowly up against the wind, that is, in the direction of the oncoming flames. If all goes well, and you keep the fire under control, this system is sure to work to your salvation; but fire is always a bad master, and sometimes it happens that the wind is too strong, or the grass too high, and the back fire invades those very fields it was lighted to save. The bright-eyed Nancy had well-nigh come too late to save us, for we were all too exhausted, after the terrible exertions of the day, to work hard, even to save ourselves. Night set in, but the darkness was hardly felt, owing to the great light of the fire, now hardly a mile away. Our back firing, begun all too late, had made but little progress. Short-handed as we were, it was impossible to start a long strip of fire, for the wind was high, and we had succeeded in protecting only part of one side of the farm, and there were three other sides, each a half-mile long. A dimness comes over my personal recollection at this point, from which I conclude that I must have gone to sleep to complete that nap begun on the bay mare's broad back.

Despairing of saving his pastures, my father turned all the horses loose, and they, snorting loudly, galloped off to safety towards the rivervalley. Then he lay down on the floor of the kitchen to rest a little before the fire should invade the premises, when it would be necessary to take refuge in the middle of the corn-field. This was a position of safety, since it was all ploughed up, and one from which we could view the dismal prospect of our burning house.

The fire came sweeping up from the northwest, thus menacing us on two sides at once. It was stopped on the north by the back fire; but, contemptuously ignoring the furrows we had so laboriously turned up, sprang triumphant over those only lines of our defence on the remaining side. It crossed the short space that separated the furrows from our fences, and in a twinkling was in the pasture field. It was ten o'clock at night, my father lay quietly upon the floor recovering his strength for the last effort. White faces full of anxious foreboding looked out of our black windows upon the flaming circle that was narrowing around us. The roar of the fire was in our ears, the fierce sparks of the outlying advances were already dropping upon us. At last my father thought it was time to desert our house for the safety of the ploughed field, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, the fire went out, leaving us in total darkness. It was raining heavily!

This unexpected shower, which lasted but a short while, came in the very nick of time. We lost only a small piece of fencing and about a rood of the pasture grass.

Nothing can adequately express the dreariness of a burnt prairie. Instead of an undulating grassy plain there is nothing but a measureless expanse of dead lustreless black. The morning after our great fire we all scattered far and wide to recover the lost horses and cattle which had been driven away the night before. It is a wearisome thing hunting cattle over the prairie at the best of times, even if mounted on a pony, but when one has to slowly plod along on foot it becomes doubly trying. The present writer, then a tolerably good cattle-finder, was fortunate enough on this occasion to discover her own particular Indian pony not more than a couple of miles away. Mounting the animal as it was, without saddle or bridle, I guided her by slapping her cheeks with my hands, and so cantered merrily home like the wild little girl that I was. I was not always equally lucky with my horse. On one occasion, when driving home some young ponies, I found that my saddle was slipping, so I got down to tighten the girths. With fatally misplaced confidence I let go the bridle-rein and proceeded to re-adjust the saddle. I had just unbuckled the girth, when off darted the pony, depositing the saddle at my feet. Consider the situation. There was I, a little short-legged girl, in the long and thick matted prairie grass, very literally saddled with a heavy burden, and four miles from home! I put the heavy Mexican saddle on my shoulders and struggled back somehow, while those impudent ponies kept just out of my reach the whole way.

Those terrific pictures of fires and accounts of hairbreadth escapes from destruction that one sees in boys' books of adventure and other harrowing publications are not true of the Kansas prairie fires. I cannot speak of the speed a fire would attain in

the tall grass of the Far West, but a horse could easily keep ahead of the prairie fires of my recollection. And since nobody ever walked on the prairie, horses being too plentiful and distances too great for such an extravagant waste of power as that, we were pretty safe to go about as we pleased. At the same time it was the rule in our house that I was never to be sent far abroad cattle-hunting on those windy autumn days when there were fires about. I was also under strictest orders to ride straight home at once on perceiving the first wreaths of smoke on the horizon, and many a time I have had desperate races ahead of *imaginary* fires in the exuberance of my youth and high spirits, a proceeding which no doubt greatly puzzled the understandings of my two companions and only playfellows, Nellie the pony and Pluto the dog.

One day, shortly after a fire of more than usual fierceness, my father came into the house with a bundle of twisted wires in his hand and a look of grave concern upon his face.

"I fear there has been an awful accident on the prairie," he said, in a voice which inspired feelings of mingled dread and curiosity.

"What has happened?"

"I cannot say for certain, but I greatly fear that some unfortunate woman was burnt to death in that fire the other day."

We held our breaths with horror.

"Whar did yer git that 'ere truck?" inquired our servant girl, a bouncing lass who used occasionally to call my father "ole hoss."

Thus questioned, he held up the tangled wire to our view, and said, "I found it at the south-western corner of my quarter section (farm), at the edge of the fire line."

All things, I may here remark, are set straight by compass on the prairie, so that it is customary to ask for the kettle that stands on the north side of the stove, or one's boots hanging on the south-eastern bed-post, as the case may be.

"Wal, now, for sho'!" cried the servant girl, grinning broadly. "Does you'uns reckon that e'er a woman's done gone an' got burned up in the fire?"

"I fear something of the sort must have happened," replied my father, severely rebuking her grins.

"Wal, you look hyar. That there's my ole crinoline hoops, what I done took off, 'cause I was afeerd the fire might set my caliker skirt alight when I were a back firin' for you'uns down yonder at the south corner. An' then I done clean forgot whar I'd dropped 'em. That's all of the unfortunate woman you all's a grievin' over, ole hoss!"

The servant girl flew to hide her blushes in the hen-house, and left my father standing in the middle of the kitchen, holding in his hand the charred and blackened remains of her "ole crinoline hoops."

ADELA E. ORPEN.



THE FIRST GERMAN EMPEROR.

ON the evening of Saturday, March 24th, the Germans resident in London held a great meeting in Exeter Hall, in memory of their beloved Kaiser Wilhelm.

It was a ceremony well worthy of the occasion.

The demonstration had been organised by various German societies in London: the German Gymnastic Society, the Masonic Lodge of Pilgrims, the Society for Art and Science, the Benevolent Society, and several German Choral Societies.

Free tickets were issued to the members of these societies, as well as to representative resident Germans of every class, denomination, trade, and profession. A limited number of reserved seats were sold in order to defray expenses. In all, over three thousand were present. Not only were the floor and galleries of the hall crowded, but even on the platform behind the orchestra places had to be found. The tickets mentioned that no one would be admitted after eight o'clock; but long before that hour every free place was taken, and hundreds were turned away from the door.

As we entered the hall at a quarter to eight the scene that presented itself was most impressive. With the exception of a few places in the front rows, and the gallery reserved for the Prince of Wales and his party, every seat in the vast hall was already full. Though many of those present came from the working classes, and had been waiting for hours, the utmost order and quiet prevailed, and one could imagine that one was in a place of worship rather than in a public hall. Almost without exception the vast gathering was dressed in mourning; and the effect was further enhanced by the solemn, but artistic drapery of black, with which the hall was hung. A single spot of colour was supplied by a trophy of flags of the various principalities of the German Empire, arranged over the organ, yet even these were partially draped in crape.

Beneath hung a pall of black cloth, edged with white cord, and with a large W embroidered on it in white. On either side of the organ were suspended heavy curtains of black, edged and looped up with white cord, and decorated with the letter W and an imperial crown. All round the hall, the entrances, windows, and galleries were hung with the same black drapery, relieved by white edging and cording; while at regular intervals on the walls were placed black shields with the German eagle in white. In front of the orchestra, on a pedestal, covered with black velvet, stood a

bust of the late Emperor, surrounded by palm-trees and pampas-grass. On the pedestal was placed a magnificent wreath of immortelles; while across the breast of the bust hung a wreath of corn-flowers, the Emperor Wilhelm's favourite flower.

A few minutes after eight the Prince of Wales, wearing the star of the Order of the Black Eagle, entered the gallery reserved for him. He was attended by his equerries, and accompanied by General Von Loë, the special envoy sent by the Emperor Frederick to announce to the Queen his accession; Count Hatzfeldt, the German Ambassador; the German Consul-General, the Austrian Consul-General, Professor Max Müller, and the naval and military attachés of the German Embassy.

As soon as the audience, which had risen respectfully to greet the Royal party, had taken their places, the ceremony commenced with the performance of the funeral march from Beethoven's *Eroica Symphony*, executed by the Crystal Palace orchestra, under the direction of Herr August Manns.

As the last solemn notes died away many feared that a burst of applause would come to mar the effect, but the good taste natural to a German audience restrained all outward signs of approbation. In fact, throughout the performance it was felt that all applause would be out of keeping with the solemnity of the occasion.

The musical performance was followed by the recitation by Herr Heinrich Hertz of a poem, written by himself in memory of the late Emperor, and selected from a number of others sent in for competition by Germans resident in England. It told how the great work of the departed hero, the unity of the German Empire, would live on, and how grief for the death of their Emperor would only tend to strengthen the tie with which in his life he had bound together the whole of Germany.

A choir formed of the various German choral societies, and conducted by Herr Martin Müller, then sang a funeral hymn to Fleming's well-known tune of "Integer Vitæ," and Neefe's "Wie sie so sanct ruh'n," and the orchestra performed "The Death of Siegfried," from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung."

Then came the chief event of the evening—the delivery of the memorial oration by Professor Max Müller. The learned professor, who was wearing the Prussian *Ordre pour le Mérite* given him by the Emperor, and the Jubilee commemoration medal given him by the Queen, spoke, of course,



THE KAISER WILHELM.

in German. At the conclusion of his eloquent and pathetic address a low murmur of approbation ran through the audience, and though the sorrowful circumstances of the occasion prevented all from giving loud expression to their feelings, the tears which glistened in the eyes of many bore silent testimony to the depth of the emotions which the words of the speaker had stirred up.

The secretary of the organising committee then came forward and read out a telegram which had just been dispatched to the Emperor Frederick, and of which the following is a literal translation :

"Three thousand Germans assembled in Exeter Hall to do honour to the memory of his late Majesty, your beloved father, wish to express to your Majesty and to her Majesty the Empress their deepest sympathy. In faithful allegiance they pray for a long and happy reign for your Majesty. The committee of the combined German associations of London."

The choir sang Beethoven's "The Heavens Proclaim," and then, as a fit ending to this solemn scene, the triumphal strains of Wagner's "Kaisermarsch" pealed forth. Yet even this failed to dispel the settled gloom. These tones of gladness and rejoicing, which had been intended to turn the thoughts from the departure of the aged hero to the accession of his hero son, could not alleviate, they rather served to intensify, the sorrow. Who could rejoice when thinking of the new Emperor, suffering from a painful disease, far away from the deathbed of his aged father, of the long hurried journey from San Remo to Berlin? or of the tall manly figure standing at the window and watching the funeral procession, unable to pay the last honours to a father whom no one honoured and loved more than his son?

Yet though the German people may mourn over their now sorely-tried Emperor, they know that in Frederick III they have a King and an Emperor whom nothing will turn from his noble purpose, and who, we may be sure, even under the shadows now gathered so thickly round him, will do his duty to God and to his Fatherland.

We append a translation of the oration as kindly revised by Professor Max Müller.

MEMORIAL ORATION BY PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

"'The German Emperor is gone home.' So spoke his noble son, bowed down with grief; so in deep sorrow speaks with him the whole German nation. The long and heavy task of his life was finished, the victory won. He had long reached and even exceeded the usual span of human life. What was left for the Emperor still to wish for on earth? After long toil and labour he had a right to rest, and God has called him home to peace with honour.

"Therefore, deeply as we sympathise with those who in the Emperor have lost an old and che-

rished friend, keenly as we all miss the faithful honest eyes which have for so long kept watch over Germany's weal and woe, we feel that mere weak sorrow is out of place at the grave of the German Hero-Emperor. The human heart demands its rights, and the sweet bonds of life cannot be broken without tears. But when the tears are dried, then the voice of lamentation must cease and rise again in new chords of thanksgiving, of firm trust, nay, even of joyful triumph.

"Let us speak out boldly! In the whole course of the world's history we shall find no life to compare with the life of the Kaiser Wilhelm. We ourselves stand far too near to the events of the last decades to estimate aright their full importance in the history of the world. We have witnessed great, infinitely great events.

"What does the work which the Emperor achieved really import? What imports a German Empire in the heart of Europe and in the centre of the whole world? Does it only show the success of a clever diplomacy, the victory of a well-trained army, the restoration of the balance of power in Europe shattered by Napoleon's arrogance? Is the victory of Sedan nothing but a sharp answer to the defeat of Jena?

"No; we must look far higher if we are to measure the true importance of these events in the world's history. The struggle of the German nation for its German life, so gloriously ended by the Kaiser Wilhelm, began 2,000 years ago with the first beginnings of European history. It began with the victory of Arminius or Sigfrid in the Teutoburger Forest, it had its first prophet in Tacitus, its numberless martyrs in Grimhilda and Theodoric, for these were their names¹, and in the German slaves and mercenaries who were buried under the ruins of the Roman Empire. For hundreds, aye, for thousands, of years the storms raged and the waves were tossed hither and thither between the German and Romanic nations, while sometimes one, sometimes the other, overflowed the sacred boundaries which a wise nature had drawn so clearly and visibly between them—the mighty Alps and the free Rhine. In the fifth century the youthful daring of the German hosts triumphed; Germans were lords of Italy and of Gaul. The Western Empire fell, and the German King, Theodoric the Ostrogoth, held at Ravenna in 493 the fate of the whole of Europe in his hands. The Lombard kingdom followed, and still the power was in German hands. Then came Charles the Great, whom Germany, France, and Italy claim as their own, but who was in word and thought a German, and no Roman.

"After his death the great nationalities of Europe developed to their full importance—the Franks, soon to become the French, the Romans who became Italians, and the Germans who remained what they were, on German soil, with German spirit and German speech.

¹ It has been proved by Vigfusson, in his article *Sigfrid-Arminius*, published for the Grimm Centenary, 1886, that instead of *Thunelida* we ought to read *Grimhilda*. It can be equally proved that instead of *Thumelicus*, the name of her son ought to be read *Theoderikos*.

"The struggle which in earlier centuries had been carried on with the hand and sword was now conducted with the weapons of the spirit and with the excommunications fulminated by the Church. The Romish Papacy threw its net out from Italy over France, Spain, and Germany. A German Emperor, Henry IV, 1077, was forced to journey to Canossa, and even Frederick Barbarossa met with his death (1190) on a crusade to which he went in obedience to the Pope. With every century the quarrels increased which the foreign Roman powers stirred up in Germany, and heavier and heavier became the spiritual pressure of the foreign Roman priesthood in all German countries, till at length, under Charles V, the German mind burst the foreign fetters and succeeded in creating a free Church, though not as yet a free German State.

"For, first in the seventeenth century, the Thirty-one Years' War had to be waged against foreign jealousy, and in the eighteenth century the North German nation had to prove its strength in the Seven Years' War; and then Napoleonic arrogance had to be twice broken down before it was permitted to the German people and the Pomeranian statesman and the Prussian King to fortify anew those sacred boundaries which a wise nature had drawn so clearly and visibly, and to make Germany the guardian of its own Marches, the watch on the Rhine, the watch on the Vistula, the protector of the peace of all Europe.

"If we now look down from this high pinnacle over the whole history of the world in order to measure the greatness of the present by the greatness of the past, what do we see? Greater than Arminius, greater than Theodoric, greater than Charles the Great, greater than Frederick Barbarossa, greater than Gustavus Adolphus—for he, too, was a German—greater than Frederick the Great, stands the man who has triumphantly closed for ever this struggle of 2,000 years, whose whole aspirations were not for war and victory, but for peace, and above all for securing the peace of the world—a man whose home-going we celebrate to-day with heavy yet proud hearts, the Kaiser Wilhelm, the first German Emperor.

"And now let us ask what made this man so great? History need not hesitate to speak with perfect openness of him who loved all truth and despised all flattery. In intellectual gifts his elder brother Friedrich Wilhelm IV was far his superior. No one felt this more deeply or acknowledged it more openly than the Emperor himself. But he possessed what makes every man king in his own circle, what made him a king among kings,—the strongest sense of duty, and the most noble uprightness, and with that a trust in God—a faith in the inevitable triumph of good and right—which even defeats like Jena and Olmütz, and even ingratitude like that of 1848, could not shake.

"I saw him as Prince of Prussia as few people saw him, as he, in 1848, entered the room of the Prussian Minister Bunsen in Carlton Terrace, suddenly and unannounced, a fugitive from his fatherland, hardly to be recognised by those who had known him as a Prussian officer. Those were indeed the darkest days of his life; but from the

first day he was at work. He lived on terms of the most friendly intimacy with Bunsen, and he never forgot how much he then owed to the counsel of this upright but often misjudged statesman. He saw all he could of the first men in England. He knew that the old times in Prussia were over for ever; and, highly as he valued the old Prussia, he quickly recognised it as his duty to fit himself for the active service of the new Prussia. He tried to imbibe the principles of a constitutional Government. He read, he learnt, he worked early and late. It was a hard experience for him to be banished from his own country; but what wounded him the most deeply was to be misunderstood by his own people, and that while his comrades were engaged in the combat he had to remain behind. Better than anything I can say, his own words describe what he then was, what he then felt, and what he even then hoped. After the first victory near Schleswig, he wrote the following lines to one of his comrades:—

"What were my feelings in hearing yesterday of your victory near Schleswig! Thank God that our old warlike renown has been maintained in presence of an honourable foe. Tell those who are under your orders how rejoiced I was at this news of victory; how the spirit that led you to victory was the old Prussian spirit that quails at nothing. How I envy you the good fortune of winning these laurels! You know how nearly I was sharing them with you. What a fulfilment of all my wishes it would have been to have led the troops of my two dear corps in real warfare! It was not to be, but I cannot stifle my regrets, as the possibility existed. May God so ordain it some day; we must leave everything in His hands, and who can and must do so with more resignation than I? God tries me severely, but with a pure conscience I wait for the day of truth, hoping that I may devote my powers to the new Prussia as I did to the old, though the heart will always be sorrowful over the fall of the old Prussia, the independent Prussia. Farewell! May God shield you in future and spare you to those who are dear to you, and who must be full of anxiety. I do not know the casualties yet, and I tremble when I think of them.

"Ever your true friend,

"WILHELM.

"London, April 29, 1848."

"Here you see the future Emperor, here you have the real secret of his future greatness—'With a pure conscience, I wait for the day of truth.' These are words as if carved in marble, and no more beautiful inscription could be engraved on his tomb than this—'With a pure conscience, I wait for the day of truth.'

"And the day of truth came, as it always will come for all who can wait for it with a pure conscience. He became Regent, he became King, he became Emperor, he became the most revered, the most beloved man of his people, and always he remained the same, faithful to his duties, hard-working from morning till evening, and animated



FRIEDRICH III.

by one thought only—how to make Germany strong and respected, how to secure to the German people peace abroad and peace at home.

"After seeing him often as an exile in London, I did not see him again till, in 1871, I was allowed to greet him as Emperor at Ems, and, in spite of all that had happened in the meantime, in spite of all the victories he had gained and all the triumphs he had celebrated, in spite of the giddy height of glory which he had reached, there he was, the same man, simple, hard-working, faithful to his duty. While others were enjoying their liberty at Ems, he was attending to his business; and often when I came home late at night, and saw at the window the tall Imperial figure at his desk lighted by the small green lamp, I said to myself, 'That is how the German Imperial Crown was won.'

"Yes, we are mourning to-day over the German Emperor; but even now the sounds of sorrow begin to vanish. The lowered flags are raised again, and pride and gratitude re-enter the hearts of the German people that they could call such an Emperor their own.

"But we harbour a still deeper sorrow in our hearts. What is more natural than death when our life has lasted three score years and ten, or,

by reason of our strength, fourscore years? We are told of an old people who cried when a child was born, and rejoiced when an old man closed his weary eyes. It is when we think of the new Emperor, who was once the hope, then the pride, and is now the keenest grief of the German nation, that all thoughts and words fail us. The heart knows its own bitterness. The misfortune is overwhelming, and yet, as the poet says, 'Not hopelessly does man yield to the power of the gods.' The fearless son of a fearless father, the new Emperor will perform the work which Providence has assigned to him. The hero who won the battle of Königgrätz by storm, who never flinched under the shower of bullets at Wörth, who was one of the victors at Sedan—his life has not been in vain. But those who know him best expected still greater deeds, still higher victories from him; and even now they know that whatever his hand finds to do, he does it with all his might. From the depth of our heart we say—'Long live, long live the Emperor Frederick, the darling of the German people; long live the noble Empress Victoria, the darling of the English people; and may the English and the German peoples follow their example, and faithfully hold together in dark, as well as in bright days!'"

ARROW-HEADS AS CHARMS.

AMONGST the Jubilee presents to the Queen recently on view was an elegantly-wrought arrow-head of flint, which had been mounted in gold with great taste. It came from Ireland, and the arrow-head, we need scarcely say, is a relic of stone-age man. (See Fig. 1).¹

As regards Ireland, such objects in stone and flint are almost entirely confined to the northern part, and especially do they occur in county Antrim. They are usually discovered in ploughing the land, or in excavating peat, or in reclaiming bog land, and bringing virgin soil into cultivation. For many years they were not observed by scientific men, for our knowledge of the age of stone is but of very recent origin; but they were known to the peasants, who sought for and treasured them. What could such wonderful things be? They were evidently no ordinary stones, no chance bits of flint, these neatly-fashioned arrow-heads, with their little central stems and evenly-shaped barbs. And so they were looked upon as supernatural objects. Some called them thunderbolts, believing that every flash of lightning left one of these arrows in the ground at the spot it was supposed to strike. These "thunderbolts" were regarded with superstitious awe, and thought to be antidotes for many diseases and forms of sickness. More than one museum or private collection has been enriched by specimens obtained from the rafter or corner cupboard of an Irish cabin. Another view taken by these imaginative people was

that they were elf-darts or fairy-arrows, shot

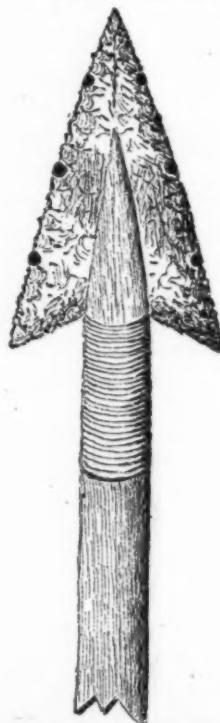


FIG. 1.—ANCIENT FLINT ARROW-HEAD MOUNTED IN GOLD.
Sent to the Queen from Ballymena, Ireland, as a Jubilee present.

¹ Sketched by permission of the Lord Chamberlain.

away by the fairies at their midnight ring-meetings. Lucky was the peasant who found one of these near a fairy-ring in the early morning, when the dew was on the grass. They were often placed in the cradle to act as a protection to the infant, and ward off the evil acts of bad or indignant fairies.

Another curious custom in connection with stone arrow-heads comes from the early races of prairie Indians. The sending of arrow-heads of stone was, amongst certain of the wild tribes of North American Indians, tantamount to a declaration of war, and was as much regarded as a breaking off of negotiations as digging up the hatchet, or as among Western nations, the more delicate method of recalling an ambassador.

The superstitious reverence with which these objects were regarded was by no means confined to the Irish peasants, any more than superstition itself is. Where arrow-heads do not occur, other objects come in for a share of attention. For instance, in the north of England there are found, as fossils, certain extinct marine animals, called Encrinites. These curious beings possessed a kind of foot-stalk, which in their fossil state breaks up into sections; and as a hollow or canal ran down the centre of the stem, these little objects make very respectable stone beads, and are called St. Cuthbert's beads, with the usual amount of wonder and awe as to their mythical origin.

Amongst the Indians of North America, to whom a flint arrow-head was a matter of stern business, and moreover an article made by themselves, no such feeling, of course, existed; but, curiously enough, it was transferred to an object which was immediately connected with their arrow-heads. The Zunis had a most profound superstitious awe of and belief in the efficacy of certain curious stone bodies rudely resembling animals. These were often natural stones of fantastic shape, which by a little judicious chipping or grinding could be made to resemble an eagle, or wild cat, or other predatory animal. Such objects were actually found by these Indians in the old camping places of earlier races, but they never made them themselves.

Now such was the belief in these remarkable objects as charms that the Zunis fastened their stone arrow-heads to them when not in use in order that contact with this "fetish" might make the arrow-tip kill with greater certainty. They, too, look upon certain fossils as similarly endowed with this power for good; but the remarkable part of it is that they combine a certain amount

of truth in their belief as to what their fetishes are, for they regard them as having been once real animals that have been turned into stone.

In Japan are also found arrow-heads of most exquisite form and finish, made of jet black obsidian, translucent chalcedony, and richly-tinted jasper. Such striking objects have not failed to catch the eye of the Japanese country people, but we do not find so much importance attached to them except on account of their value as ornaments and the mystery of their origin. The educated Japs, however, like their European brothers of scientific circles, are beginning to form collections of "relics," and many a cabinet in Japan contains specimens of these interesting remains of a premetallic age.

The Etruscans, who fell beneath the superior power of the Romans as long ago as three hundred years before Christ, a highly civilised and polished people, were so well acquainted with metal that their arrow-tips were elegantly formed of bronze; yet a flint arrow-head has been found most beautifully mounted in gold of Etruscan workmanship (see Fig. 2), from which it may be inferred



FIG. 2.—FLINT ARROW-HEAD OF NEOLITHIC AGE.

Mounted as a pendant to a gold necklace of Etruscan workmanship.

that some such feeling of regard for charm arrow-heads existed among them. What fair Etruscan wore this talisman? Was she a queen, and did she receive this message of a luck-bearing charm from some loyal neighbouring State? We cannot tell, but this interesting relic carries us back more than two thousand years.

Quite recently some curious examples of this reverence for arrow-heads of stone have been observed in some very beautiful objects from Arabia. These specimens consisted in rude strings of what appeared to be rough chips of carnelian. (See Fig. 3.) Upon closer examination

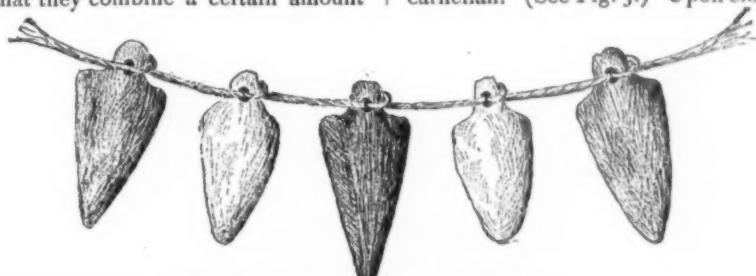


FIG. 3.—ANCIENT ARROW-HEAD OF CARNELIAN AND JASPER
Bored and strung on a charm-necklet by Arabs.

these chips proved to be arrow-heads, although some of them were decidedly the worse for wear. It was very difficult to obtain any information about these things, except that they were worn by the Arabs as charms, and that the Arabs themselves, beyond this use, knew nothing whatever about them.

It seemed probable that such charms as these were made to sell; but there were one or two points about them which suggest that they were undoubtedly arrow-tips of great age, and that the Arabs of to-day find them, and, sharing the common superstitious belief regarding them, wear them for protection.

Only a small percentage of them were perfect, and those were, as well as the damaged ones, as

brilliantly polished as wind and sand can polish. The imperfect ones seemed to show that they had lost their shape simply owing to too much wind and sand. On the other hand, the boring by which they were strung was quite sharp and opaque, although carried out in the peculiar primitive method of being begun at both sides and joined in the middle, with the result that sometimes the borings did not quite meet.

With the advance of knowledge and education arrow-heads are rapidly losing their character as charms, and are being transferred from the cottage to the collector's cabinet. The peasants, finding that these things have now a market value, not only devote much time to looking for them, but, alas! forge them themselves. E. LOVETT.



Jenny loves the Rose.



BEFORE the burning sun was high,
Upon a summer day,
Within a garden close stood I,
A garden broad and gay;
A garden full of blossoms fair,
And mine were all I chose;
And many a pretty flower was there,—
But Jenny loves the rose.

Late-blooming lilies, tall and gay,
Yet dyed with fleck and stain,
Not spotless like their sisters they,
That shine in April's train;
And wallflower and geranium,
Whose head of scarlet shows
Bravely among its downy leaves—
But Jenny loves the rose.

The jessamine it tempted me
With perfume passing sweet,
The frail red garden-poppy cast
Its petals at my feet;
I passed them by in scorn, and plucked
The sweetest flower that blows,
And that's the flower that Jenny loves,
And Jenny loves the rose.

The blushing peony was dressed
In many a gaudy frill,
The last of the laburnums kept
Its yellow tresses still,
The marigolds they stared at me,
But I'd have none of those,
I plucked them not, I let them be,
For Jenny loves the rose.

The iris flaunted in the air,
And scorned its lowly bed,
The velvet pansy nestled there,
And mallow purple-red,
And ruddy pink, and clustering stock,—
Which think you that I chose?
I chose the flower that Jenny loves,
And Jenny loves the rose.

C. J. LEE.

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A LOOK AT NORWAY FROM THE SEA

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

I.

WE sailed from Gravesend one hot August day in a big "pleasure yacht" for our little trip, which (though indeed it reached within the latitude of Greenland) was only that glimpse of a country which was possible to any one who could (then) give but a short fortnight to the business. "If you are very weary, and want a thorough change, have a cruise at sea." So say some experts in recreation. And there are simple people who forget that all changes are not invariably made in the same direction, and find, when they have irrevocably taken the wise man's advice, that the one realised is unexpectedly disap-



THE GEIRANGER FJORD.

pointing. The fact is, that a man's normal condition has always a "plus" or "minus" sign associated with it, for the first few days at least, when he goes afloat. I am, fortunately for myself, what people call "an excellent sailor," and can read my book comfortably enough in the corner of the smoking-room under most subversive conditions. But this apartment was very lopsided, and rather empty, soon after our starting for a look at Norway. Long waves born of northern winds revealed through our dripping windows alternate squares of rain-lashed sea and thick sky as the ship rolled heavily on her course. Barefooted, round-shouldered sailors plashed about the sloppy deck on apparently purposeless errands in compliance with hoarse authoritative cries. Languid

Then see the roadway of the Thames, without a rut, though scored by a thousand vehicles which are laden with merchandise and men, and yet show no signs of passage except in the quickly-vanished wake behind each passing ship. But the river is not without its marks of mistaken paths.

We passed the masts of a sunken vessel guarded by a "wreck light," and watched by a little fleet of apparently salvage-seeking smacks. "Collision," remarked one of our party somewhat confidently. Then he added, "Collisions are caused by fog at sea," and looked round for indications of assent to the wisdom of his sentence. "Just so," replied another. (Why do counsel in Court always thus preface a contradiction?) "But the fog is mostly in the captain's brains."



A NORSE GIRL.

questions were asked about "sighting" the land (a landsman parades this word), and the hour when we might be expected to welcome a Norwegian pilot on board. In fact, we took one from the Thames, and he was there already, shining in the rain upon the bridge.

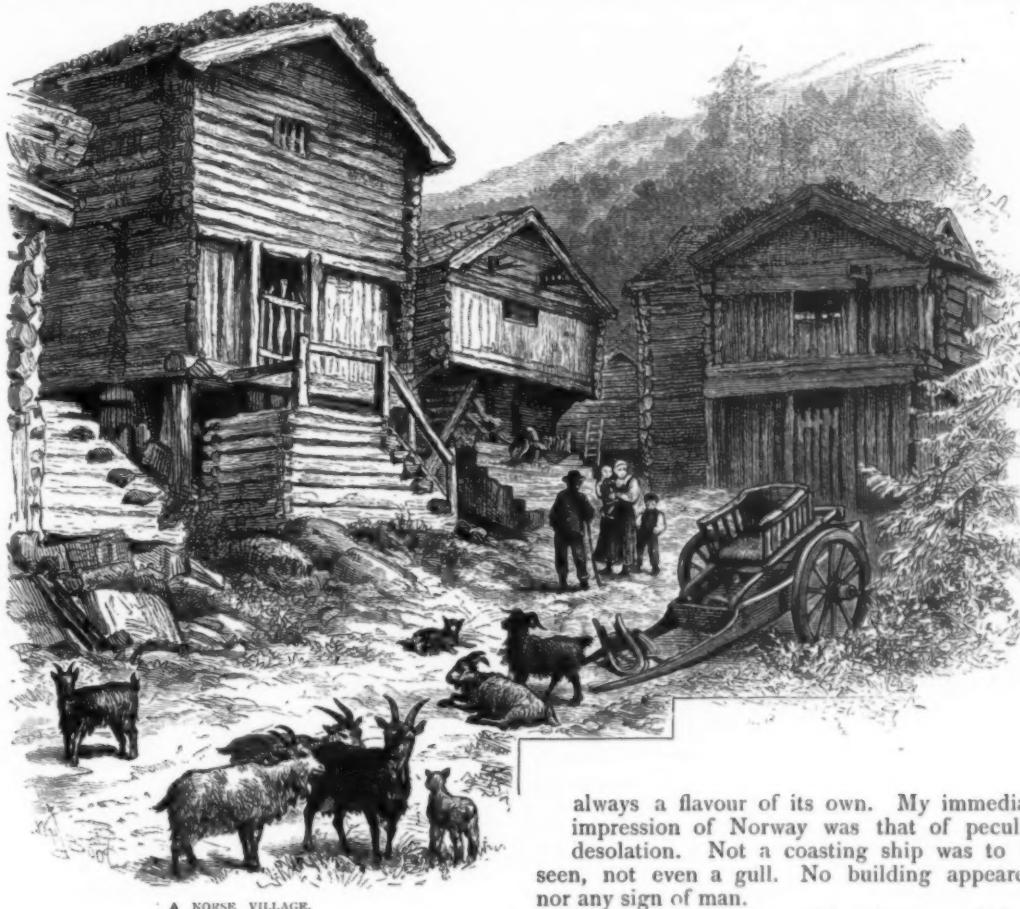
A cruise is a change, certainly, from the heated pavements and daily papers of London; and, barring sea-sickness—which, they say, makes the most miserable of its victims first fear that they are going to die, and then that they are not—is incalculably the most complete to be had in travel. All the circumstances of locomotion are reversed. A land road, for instance, is often one of the oldest remains in a country. Look at the crooked lanes of England. The origin of many is long past remembrance, and some possibly follow even the first beaten tracks of our prehistoric ancestors.

So our little groups met and parted, often with some scrap of shrewd comment or fresh information, as we slipped down between banks flat with receding sunburnt grass, and dotted with little distant growing stacks, until the river widened and showed its evening shore by twinkling lights alone.

But before the sun set a fellow-passenger called my attention to a fat-sided, lumbering barque which was being towed towards the Nore. "See that ship?" he said. I looked. "Norwegian—timber trade—know it by the windmill on board." "Why windmill?" I asked. "Well, these craft are loaded with deals, and can't quite sink, so they sail them till they are like sieves. I dare say that is eighty years old; and the windmill on board works a pump against the never-ending leak."

This sounded unpleasant, if not perilous; but even a sound iron ship is no better than a prospective coffin compared with such a craft, however comfortless.

piteous living sounds prevailed beside the bleating of the sheep we carry with us, and which provide our daily mutton. I have set my eyes upon various shores, but the first glimpse of a new land has



A NORSE VILLAGE.

For a sense of security, give me the old three-deckers. But why cannot more use be made of them than to provide schools for sailor-boys who have to serve in wholly different vessels? Much of the training they receive must needs be such as one in archery would be for shooting at Wimbledon. However, as they learn obedience, the lads grow fit for duty, ancient or modern. All the same (since there is enough somewhere of floating wooden walls to build a suburb to a city), I should like to see a few of these hulks made into, say, convalescent homes, or lodgings for poor people, especially from among those dwelling in hamlets and crowded city courts. A cheap ferry might ply between the ship and the shore, and thus a change of exceptional interest be provided for a needy patient before he returned to dry inland fields or the close air of a back street.

Our speed was not exceptionally swift, but we reached the Norwegian coast within two days from Fenchurch Street. Our run, as your readers will have seen, was a rather rough one, and many

always a flavour of its own. My immediate impression of Norway was that of peculiar desolation. Not a coasting ship was to be seen, not even a gull. No building appeared, nor any sign of man.

Presently, however, a little blue eggshell of a boat, sharp at both ends, with a yellow oil-skin figure in the stern, came dancing over the crests of the big waves and dipping wholly out of sight in the valleys between them some seven miles from shore. It contained a pilot, and (as it turned out) a wholly unauthorised one, eager for a job. He was sharply repulsed after an exchange of shouts, and dropped sulkily astern. We saw nothing else afloat till a small cutter came leaping towards us with the orthodox guide. This man was also declined; "but," said our captain, "he will receive his charges all the same. We have seen his number, and he will be paid at Bergen." We relied, for a while at least, wholly on the Viking we had on board. But even he declined to take our ship in the dark down the first fiord we entered; so we anchored close in shore, sheltered from the heavy northern swell, and waited for the morning.

Meanwhile—this appeared to be a country of refusals—a peremptory custom-house officer boarded us and bearded the captain loudly in his cabin, desiring to search the passengers' luggage

His demand was smartly rejected, and after he had done his legitimate duty by leaving a man with us, we saw him no more.

I am no geologist, but was struck by the abounding signs of ice upon and within the indentations of this coast. Some of the littoral hills, which are lower than I expected, seem as if they had been ground by northern floes, while many projecting sides and promontories of the fiords have plainly been scraped by their own local glaciers. A nearer view of the land shows a broken fringe of cultivation, with whitewashed stumpy churches standing in churchyards dotted with white tombstones, cottages, or châlets, often also white, and large wooden barns. There were scraps of arable fields, with many crops still green; but even my glass did not at first show me a single cow, sheep, or chicken. Nor did I for a while set eyes on any boat, or cart, or road. I dare say they were there, but the fiords seem to be curiously void of life. No wonder. Norway is some eleven hundred miles long, and over two hundred broad; but, counting the towns, its whole population is considerably less than that of half London. Its emptiness may be, perhaps, best, however imperfectly, realised by comparing its area with that of the British Isles. I shrink from statistics, which so often check the receipt of information; yet, in fact, while in the latter (taking in the moors, mountains, and bogs of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland) there are three hundred people to the square mile, in Norway we find only one and a fraction.

One is, moreover, misled by these inland waters. You enter them from the ocean, and steam on for a whole day in what seems to be a great river, but is only a long fissure filled from the sea. You know that you are penetrating no unexplored country, and unconsciously look for signs of commerce on broad waters, which show like an exaggerated Rhine. But you are being deceived. There is no ripening vineyard nor populous fatherland on the other side of its banks; there are no brimming inland cities, nor rich plains behind these beautiful hills. On the contrary, you catch glimpses of great thick glacier fields, which stretch far away out of your sight beyond the sky-line, though now and then they push an icy tongue at the deep, cold water, which is that of a fiord, and not of a river after all.

Thus the conditions under which the scenery of Norway is seen are such as to give its taste a peculiar edge. It is in divers respects very beautiful. The mixture of ice and water among mountains tinged with a Scottish purple (which Switzerland lacks), the rocky desolation, relieved only by rare and tiny tips of meadowland, where women cut the hay with scythes no bigger than sickles and hang it with their hands on hurdles to dry, the loneliness of the deep, slate-coloured fiords, the brilliant whiteness of the waterfalls, all the whiter by reason of the black ledges over which they leap—these make a series of views which more and more visitors come yearly to enjoy.

It is unnecessary to run over the whole land in order to receive a fair impression of Norway. No

doubt this is heresy, but none the less agreeable. The proper thing is, of course, to drive about in an armchair on wheels, or to fish. By the banks of a swift river, along the edge of which we drove one day for miles, we saw some dozen or so unmistakably English gentlemen fishing with shining and finished rods. There were several parties of them, apparently; and, for all I know, they had hired separate reaches of the stream. They were all seriously at work in the rain, wearing long mackintoshes and steadily flogging the beautiful water, but though I looked with an inquiring eye not unaccustomed to fish, I could not see that they had caught anything till I detected three little trout in the distinguished possession of one man. There were homely lodgings to which they would probably repair when satisfied with sport, and there are plenty of guarded salmon to be caught in the right places; but I could not help thinking that, in spite of the charm which is found in roughing it, a floating hotel was sometimes not to be despised.

Of course, one can see only the fringe of Norway when living and moving thus, but the fringe is a very deep one, as any map of the country shows it to be, and our hotel, where we sat down eighty to meals, poked its nose into holes upwards of a hundred miles distant by measurement from the sea. Indeed, this intrusion, whereby a great ocean-going bowsprit points close at glaciers, and tall masts are wholly capped by upright rocks thousands of feet high, but, literally, only a few hundred yards off, gives a unique flavour to Norwegian scenery seen under the conditions which marked our acquaintance with it. The inner land views, moreover, are really soon reached and realised. An excursion comes to pass in this wise: we creep cautiously to our anchorage up an inlet or arm of a great fiord. Meanwhile steam is being got up in a launch which is hung from the davits, and, with its smoking funnel, shows like a miniature of our ship in the air. Presently a great splash in the water, the roar of a huge iron cable, as it thunders out of the hawse-hole, and manifold cries of command, with some whistling, proclaim that we have stopped. Then the launch is lowered, settles itself for a minute or two by the companion-ladder, is soon filled, and bustles off to some little wooden pier, whence it transfers its burden to a string of carrioles. And, hey presto! we turn the corner, the fiord itself is out of sight, and we are, to all intents and purposes, in the middle of the land, with snow-patched mountains and glaciers around us, yellow-faced peasants making hay, little girls offering white kitchen-plates of strawberries by the wayside, and sparse châlets dotting the valley, along whose winding course the brightest river you ever saw hurries, showing even in its deepest reaches the stones, jutting rocks, and waving weeds over which it flows.

It is difficult, then, to believe that you will dine on board a great ship provided with a good cook, and spend a late evening with a number of agreeable people who have not had their temper recently shortened by any necessity to scramble for lodgings, and have forgotten, or agreed not to

mention, the sea which comes between them and Charing Cross. The fact is, say guide-books what they will, that most fiords, mountains, and valleys are radically alike. Now the fiords are visited from the sea—in which our hotel moves—and the most striking of which it explores. Thus, though we get what might be called only a glimpse of this great country by visiting it in a ship, it is such a penetrating one as no other land would enable us to have; and when we have gone our round there is no consultation of foreign Bradshaws, but the hotel is simply directed towards England—"full speed" being marked somewhere in its back premises—and its occupants find themselves at Gravesend or Aberdeen, instead of, say, the Geiranger Fiord.

A special feature of a sea-borne visit to Norway is, moreover, seen in the threading of a thousand islands which lie outside the fiords, and, in the map, shade off the coast from rock to sea

with a fringe of big and little dots. They are most striking, and provide endless and shifting distances or horizons. For nearly one whole day our brown, one-eyed Norse pilot twisted our big ship in and out among fishing villages and islets of all shapes and sizes, in water as quiet as that of Windermere, though just outside a long northern ocean swell was thundering on the outermost reefs and sending up great white sheaves of spray. Opposite, beyond the countless lesser hills—which rose out of the flat water as if it had been a plain—was stretched the lofty, snow-peaked inland chain of mountains into the recesses of which the intrusive fiords penetrate deeply, and divers of which our steam hotel had explored. No doubt inland tourists would scorn our lazy progress, but, say what they will, though we slept on board every night, our champion amateur photographer carried away more land than water in his big box of negatives.

PRINCESS SARAH.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER, AUTHOR OF "BOOTLE'S BABY," ETC.

CHAPTER X.



WHAT a shame!" said Flossie, when she heard of the invitation. "Just like the nasty old thing, to remember an accident that I couldn't help. Not that I care! shall enjoy myself far better at home," and Flossie caught hold of Minnie's arm and stalked along the Parade, as if she cared so little that she did not want to hear any more about that great lady, her Aunt George.

"What did you think of her?" May asked of Sarah.

"Is she very ill?" Sarah asked, thinking of the bath chair and her aunt's languid wrists and tones.

"Ill—no! Ma says she's a hy-po-chon-driac," returned May, pronouncing the long word in syllables. "That's fancying yourself ill when you ain't. See? But, all the same, Aunt George is very stylish."

"She's not half so nice as Auntie," Sarah flashed out.

"No, she isn't! But she's a great deal stylier than Ma is," May returned. "Didn't you hear the way she told the man to go on? 'Go—on—Chawles!'" and May leant back on the seat, slightly waved a languid hand, flickered her drooping eyelids, and gave a half-languid, half-supercilious smile.

It was a fine imitation of Mrs. George's *stylish* airs, and Sarah was lost in admiration of it.

"I wonder," she remarked, presently, after thinking the question over—"I wonder if she eats her dinner like that; because if she does it must generally get cold before she has half finished it."

"Oh, Aunt's much too stylier to eat much," May explained. "She nibbles at this and picks at that. You'll see to-night."

And Sarah did see—saw that, in spite of her airs and her nibbling and her picking, Mrs. George contrived to put a good meal out of sight—quite as much as ever her sister-in-law could manage to do.

This evening was also a new experience to Sarah; it was so much more stately than anything she had seen before.

Mr. and Mrs. George Stubbs lived in a very large house in a large square in the best part of Brighton. A solemn butler received them when they got out of the cab—yes, they had a cab, though it was only a short way from their own

house—but a resplendent footman ushered them into Mrs. George's presence. She wore a tea-gown of soft yellow silk, with very voluminous trailing skirt, and showers of white lace and broad yellow ribbons about it. It was a garment that suited the languid air, the quivering eyelids, the weak wrists, and the soft, drawling voice to perfection.

The resplendent footman had relieved Sarah of her violin-case and carried it upstairs for her. Mrs. George motioned to it as he announced her visitors, "With great care, Chawles;" and "Chawles" put it down on a chair beside the inlaid grand piano as if it were a baby, and might squeal.

"How are you, dears?" Mrs. George said, giving each a limp and languid hand. "How oppressive the evening is!" Then to "Chawles," "Let tea be served."

Very soon tea was announced, and they went downstairs. It was all new to Sarah—the large, spacious dining-room, with its rich, cosy art-furniture; the pretty round table, with flowers and pretty-coloured glasses, with quaint little figures holding trays of sweets or preserves, or wheeling barrows of tiny ferns or miniature palms.

And the board was well-spread too. There was salmon, salad, and a boiled chicken covered with white frothy sauce. There was an aspic jelly, with eggs and green peas, and certain dark things which May told her afterwards were truffles; and there were several kinds of sweet dishes, and more than one kind of wine.

To Sarah it was a resplendent feast—as resplendent as the gorgeous footman who stood midway between her chair and May's, only a little in the rear; the solemn butler keeping guard over his mistress, whom he served first, as if she had been a royal queen.

"Now you shall play to me," Mrs. George said to Sarah, when they had got back to the drawing-room again.

Sarah rose obediently.

"What shall I play?" she asked.

"What can you play?" Mrs. George asked, in reply.

"Oh, a great many things," Sarah said, modestly.

"Let Sarah play what she fancies," put in May, who had established herself in a low lounging chair, and was fanning herself with a fan she had found on a table at hand with the closest imitation of Mrs. George she could manage, "she always plays the best then."

"Very well," Mrs. George said, graciously. So Sarah began.

She felt that in all her life before she had never played as she played then. The influence of the luxurious meal of which they had just partaken was upon her. The exquisite coloured glass, the sweet-scented flowers, the smell of the fragrant coffee, the stately servants moving softly about with quiet footsteps and smooth gestures, each and all had made her feel calm and peaceful; and now the soft-toned drawing-room, with its plush and lace hangings, its delicate china, its Indian embroideries, and those two quiet figures lying

back in the half light making no movement except the slow waving to and fro of their fans! It was all food to Sarah's artistic soul, and she made the Amati speak for her all that was passing through her mind.

Mrs. George was spell-bound. She actually forgot to fan herself in the desire not to miss a single note. Nay, she did more, she forgot to be languid, and she sat bolt upright in her chair, her head moving to and fro in time with Sarah's music.

"Why, child, you are a genius!" she exclaimed, as Sarah came to a close and turned her speaking eyes upon her for comment.

"That's just what Papa said," put in May, adjusting her language to her company.

"If you go on—if you work," Mrs. George continued—"your violin will be your fortune. You will be a great woman some day."

Sarah's great eyes blazed at the thought of it; her heart began to beat hard and fast.

"Do you really think so, Aunt George?" she asked.

"I really do. I am sure of it. But, child, your violin seems to me a very good one. Where did you get it?"

"Father gave it to me, it was his grandfather's," said Sarah, holding it out for inspection.

"It is an Amati."

"It is worth five hundred pounds," said May, who was eminently practical and measured most things by a pounds, shillings, and pence standard.

"Of course—if it is an Amati," murmured Mrs. George, becoming languid again. "But go on, my child. I should like a little more."

So Sarah played and played until the room grew darker and darker, and gradually the shadows deepened until it was only by the light from the lamps in the square that she could distinguish the outlines of the figure in the yellow sweeping robes.

It was like a shock when the door was gently opened and the footman came in, bearing a huge lamp with a crimson shade. Then the coffee followed, and before very long one of the servants came back, and said that the cab for the young ladies had come.

"You have given me great pleasure," said Mrs. George, to Sarah; "and when your Ma comes back I must make an afternoon party, and Sarah shall play at it. I have not been so pleased for a long time." And then she kissed them both, and with "good night" they left her.

"Won't Ma be pleased?" remarked May, with great satisfaction, as they drove along the Parade. "I shan't mind a bit her being vexed that Flossie wasn't asked. Really, Sarah, I never saw Aunt George so excited before. She's generally so die-away, and all that."

But Sarah was hardly listening, and not heeding at all. With her precious Amati on her knee, she was looking away over the moonlit sea, thinking of what her aunt had said to her. "If you go on—if you work—your violin will be your fortune. You will be a great woman."

"I will go on; I will work," she said to herself. "If I can be a great woman, I will."

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. George's opinion of Sarah's violin-playing proved to be the turning-point of her life as a violin-player. A few days later, when Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs had returned from Dieppe, she gave a large afternoon reception, to which Sarah took her violin, and played—her best. And the visitors—elegant ladies and gentlemen—crowded round the child, and would have turned her head with their praises, had it not been such a sensible little head that they had no sort of effect upon it.

"They talked such a lot," she said to her aunt, afterwards, "that I felt frightened at first; but I found that they didn't really know much about it, for one of my strings got flat, and they praised that more than anything."

But her aunt, Mrs. Stubbs, was proud enough and elated enough for a dozen violin-players, and she stood beside Sarah, explaining who she was and how she was going to have lessons from the best master they could get, until Mrs. George felt sick to think that her grand friends should know "that dreadful woman" was a relation of hers.

"Sarah, my dear, Lady Golladay wishes you to play again. Something pathetic."

So Sarah tuned up again, and Mrs. Stubbs was silent.

"She can't talk when the child is playing," murmured Mrs. George to her husband. "Do take her down to have some tea or something, and keep her as long as you can—anything to keep her out of sight."

"All right," he answered, and immediately Sarah's melody came to an end, followed by a burst of applause, he offered his arm to his sister-in-law, and begged her to go with him and have some refreshment.

Well, this reception opened Mrs. Stubbs's eyes, and she went back to London strangely impressed with a belief that Sarah was not only a genius, but a new fashion. She gave a party, too—not an afternoon party, for she wanted her husband to be there, and he was never at home before six o'clock. No, it was not an afternoon, but an evening party, at which the elder children were all present, and at which Sarah played.

And then Sarah began with her violin lessons, and worked hard, very hard. Mrs. George wrote from Brighton that she would provide all the new music she required, and that her Uncle George enclosed a sovereign for herself.

So time went on. Sarah had two lessons a week and improved daily in her playing. Tom went back to school and Johnnie with him, and Flossie's turbulent spirit became a good deal subdued, though she never forgot to keep Sarah reminded that she was "Princess Sarah of Nowhere."

The weeks rolled into months, and the months into years. Miss Clark went away and got married—to May's mingled sorrow and delight, and to Flossie's unfeigned and unutterable disgust, for Mrs. Stubbs chose a lady to fill her place, who was what she called "a strict disciplinarian"—and Flossie had considerably less freedom and fun

than she had had aforetime. For Miss Best had not only a strong mind and a strong will, but also a remarkably strong body, and seemed able to be on the alert at all times and seasons. She had, too, not the smallest objection to telling tales in school or out of it. The slightest infringement of her rules was visited with heavy punishment in the form of extra lessons, and the least attempt to shirk them was reported to head-quarters immediately. In fact, Miss Best was a power to be felt and feared, and Flossie did both accordingly.

Of all her pupils, Sarah was Miss Best's favourite. In her she recognised the only worker. May was good-tempered, and possessed the blessing of a placid and dignified disposition; but May's capacity for learning was not great, and Miss Best soon found that it was no use trying to drive her a shade faster along the royal road to knowledge. She went at a willing jog-trot, but she could not gallop because she had not the power. With Flossie it was different. Flossie had brilliant capacities which she would not use. Miss Best was determined that she should use them and exert them. Flossie was equally determined that she would not; and so for the first few months life in the Stubbs's schoolroom was a hand to hand fight between Flossie and Miss Best; and Miss Best came off winner.

Yet, though she got the better of Flossie and made her work, she never gave her the same place in her heart that she gave to Sarah, who worked with all her heart and soul, because she was impressed with the idea that if she only worked hard enough she might be a great woman one day.

And as she was a favourite with Miss Best, so was she a favourite with Signor Capri, the master who taught her the violin. He was quick to recognise the true artist soul that dwelt within her, and gave her all the help that lay in his power; in fact, Sarah was his favourite pupil, his pet, and he put many chances of advancement toward her great ambition in her way.

For instance, many times he took her out with him to play at concerts and private houses, so that she might grow accustomed to playing before an audience of strangers and also become known.

And known very soon Sarah was, and welcomed to many and many a noble house for the sake of the exquisite sounds she was able to draw from the strings of the Amati. Besides that, Sarah was a very pretty child, and, as she grew older, was an equally pretty girl. She never had that gawky legginess which distinguishes so many girls in their teens—there was nothing awkward about her, nothing rough or boisterous. All her movements were soft and gentle; her voice was sweet, and her laugh very musical but not loud; and with her tall, slim figure, and the great, grey, earnest eyes looking out from under the shining masses of her sunny hair, she was, indeed, an uncommon-looking girl, and a great contrast to the young Stubbses, who were all short, and inclined to be stout, with twine-coloured hair and pale pasty complexions; though, in spite of that, they had all, like their mother, a certain bonniness which made them pleasant-looking enough.

Sarah had been nearly four years living at Jesamond Road, where Mrs. Stubbs's home was, when May "came out." May was then nearly eighteen, and just what she had been when Sarah first saw her—placid, good-tempered, and obliging, not very quick in mind, nor yet in body; willing to take advantage of every pleasure that came in her road, but not willing to give herself the smallest trouble that other people might have pleasure too. She was very different to Flossie, who was a regular little spitfire, and had neither consideration for nor fear of anything on earth, except Miss Best, whom she detested, but whom she dared not openly defy; if she had dared, Flossie would have done it.

As for Tom, he was beyond the control or management of anybody in that house excepting his father. He was wilder, rougher, more unmerciful, and more impudent than ever; and whenever Tom's holidays drew near, Sarah used to quake for fear lest her precious Amati should not survive the visit; and invariably she carried it to the cupboard in Miss Best's room for safety. Happily, into that room Master Tom did not presume to put even so much as the tip of his nose.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN May left the schoolroom behind her, Sarah found a great difference in her life. In her placid, good-natured way, May had always been fond of her, and had in a great measure stood between her and Flossie; so, when Flossie became the senior of the schoolroom, she took every opportunity she had of making the younger ones, particularly Sarah, aware of that fact.

Sarah was then nearly fourteen, and rather taller than Flossie, who was turned sixteen, so, had she chosen to do so she could easily have got the best of her; but Sarah never forgot—never, indeed, was allowed to forget—that she was not a daughter of the house, and therefore free to fight and wrangle as much and as disagreeably as she thought proper.

Very, very often, in those days, did she have the old taunt of Princess Sarah thrown at her. "Oh! *Princess* Sarah is quite too high and mighty to quarrel over it. *Princess* Sarah is going to do the mute martyr style of thing."

So Flossie would—though she did not know it—encourage her cousin to work harder than ever, just by way of showing that she had something more in her than to spend her life in bickering and snarling. Stay! I do Sarah an injustice there—she was moved by another and a better motive, both in trying to keep peace and in trying to get on with her work, for she had always the grateful feeling, "It will please Auntie so," and always a feeling that it was a slight return to her uncle's wife if she bore Flossie's attentions without complaining.

They did not see much of May; all day she was in the drawing-room with her mother, if she was not out on some errand of pleasure. And at night, when the schoolroom-tea was over, she used to

come down for a minute and show herself, a vision of comeliness—for May was considered a great beauty in the Stubbs' set—in white or roseate and airy garments, with hair crimped and fluffy, feathers and flowers, fans and bangles, pearls and diamonds, and all the other necessities for a young lady of fashion in her first season.

Some time previously Mr. Stubbs had made his wife a present of an elegant landau and a pair of high-stepping horses. But Flossie, to her disgust, found that her drives were no more frequent than they had been in the days of the one-horse "broom." Then her mother had not unreasonably declared herself unable to bear the stuffiness of a carriage full of people. Now May objected to any one going with them on the score of her dress being crushed and the unpleasantness of "looking like a family ark."

They had become very gay. Scarcely a night passed but they went out to some gay entertainment or other, and many parties were given at home, when the elder of the younger members of the family had the pleasure of participating in them.

Flossie was terribly indignant at being kept at home that May might have more room in the luxurious and roomy carriage.

"Just you wait till I come out, Miss May," she said one day, "and then see if your airs and graces will keep me in the background! The fact is, you're afraid to show off against me; you know as well as I do that, with all your fine dress and your finer airs, you are not half so much noticed as I am! And as for that Sarah—"

"Leave Sarah out of it!" laughed May; "she doesn't want to go."

"I'd soon stop it if she did!" growled Flossie.

It was really very hard, and Flossie thought and said so. But May was inflexible, and long before Flossie was ready to come out May became engaged to be married.

It was a very brilliant marriage indeed, and the entire family were wonderfully elated about it. True, the bridegroom was a good deal older than May, and was pompous to a degree. But then he was enormously rich and had a great cheap clothes manufactory down the East End somewhere, which could give May bigger diamonds than anybody they knew, a house in Palace Gardens, and a retinue of silk-stockinged servants, in comparison with whom Mrs. George's footman at Brighton was a mere country clod.

So in time May was married—married with such pomp and ceremony that feelings seemed left out altogether, and if tender-hearted Mrs. Stubbs shed a few tears at parting with the first of all her brood, they were smothered among the billows of lace which bedecked her, and nobody but herself was any the wiser.

After this it became an established custom that Flossie should take May's place in the carriage; and it was not long before she managed to persuade her mother that it was time for her to throw off Miss Best's yoke altogether and go out as a young lady of fashion.

Before very long Mrs. Stubbs began dearly to

repent herself of her weakness; for Flossie, with her emancipation, seemed to have left her old self in the schoolroom and to have taken up a new character altogether. She became very refined, very fashionable, very elegant in all her ideas and desires.

"My mother really is a great trial to me," she said, one day, to Sarah. "She's very good, and all that, you know; but she's so—well, there's no sort of style about poor mother. And it is trying to have to take men up and introduce them to her. And they look at her, don't you know, as if she were something new, something strange—as if they hadn't seen anything like her before. It's annoying, to say the least of it."

"Well, if I were you," retorted Sarah, hotly, "I should say to such people, and pretty sharply, 'If my mother is not good enough for you, why, neither am I!'"

"But then, you see, I am," remarked Flossie, with ineffectual conceit.

"You don't understand what I mean," said Sarah, with a patient sigh.

"*That's* because you're so bad at expressing yourself, my dear," said Flossie, with a fine air of condescension. "It all comes of shutting yourself up so much with that squeaking old violin of yours. I can't think why you didn't go in for the guitar—it's such a pretty instrument to play, and it backs up a voice so well."

"But I haven't got a voice," cried Sarah, laughing.

"Oh, *that* doesn't matter. Lady Lomys hasn't a voice either, but she sings everywhere—everywhere."

"Where did you hear her?" Sarah asked.

"Oh, well; I haven't heard her myself," Flossie admitted, "but then that's what everybody says about Lady Lomys."

"Oh! I see," murmured Sarah, not at all impressed by the mention of her ladyship's accomplishments.

It happened, not very long after this, that the Stubbses gave a ball, not just a dance but a

regular ball, with every available room in the house cleared and specially decorated, with the balconies covered in with awnings, and with every window and chimney-shelf, every fireplace and corner, filled with banks of flowers or stacks of exquisite palms or ferns. The entire house looked like fairyland, and Mrs. Stubbs went to and fro like a substantial fairy godmother, who was not quite sure how her charms were going to work.

May came, with her elderly husband, from her great mansion in Palace Gardens, wearing a white velvet gown and such a blaze of diamonds that the mind refused to estimate their real value and ran instinctively to paste. And Mrs. George, who was in town for "the season," came with her daughters, and languidly patronised everything but those diamonds, which she cheapened at once as being a little "off colour," and "a trifle overdone." Mrs. George herself had put on every single stone she was possessed off—even to making use of her husband's breast-pin to fasten a stray end of lace on the bosom of her gown; but that, of course, had nothing really to do with her remarks on her niece's taste—oh! no.

Flossie had a new dress for the occasion, of course; and she had coaxed a beautiful diamond arrow out of her father on some pretext or other. Sarah thought she had never seen her look so charming before, and she told her so; it was with a smile and a conscious toss of her head that Flossie received the information, and looked at herself once more in the glass of her wardrobe.

As she stood there, with Sarah, in a simple white muslin gown, watching her, a maid entered with a large white cardboard box.

"For Miss Flossie," she said.

The box contained a beautiful bouquet of rare and fragrant hothouse flowers, and attached to the stem was a small parcel. The parcel proved to contain a superb diamond bangle, and Flossie went proudly downstairs wearing it upon her arm.

And that night it crept out among the young ones in the Stubbs' schoolroom that Flossie was going to be married.



NATURAL HISTORY NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

A WORD ABOUT BIRDS' NESTS.

IN childhood's days we are told that birds build their beautiful nests by instinct, without tuition or experience, and as we grow to riper years we are fain still to cling to the poetical ideas of our youth. There is something very attractive about blind instinct; it explains so much that is otherwise inexplicable; it overcomes all difficulties in a way that is delightfully simple and charming. But the deeper and wider research of later times has shaken many a tradition. Alfred Wallace, for example, has discussed this question of instinct in its relation to the architectural powers of birds. To attribute to

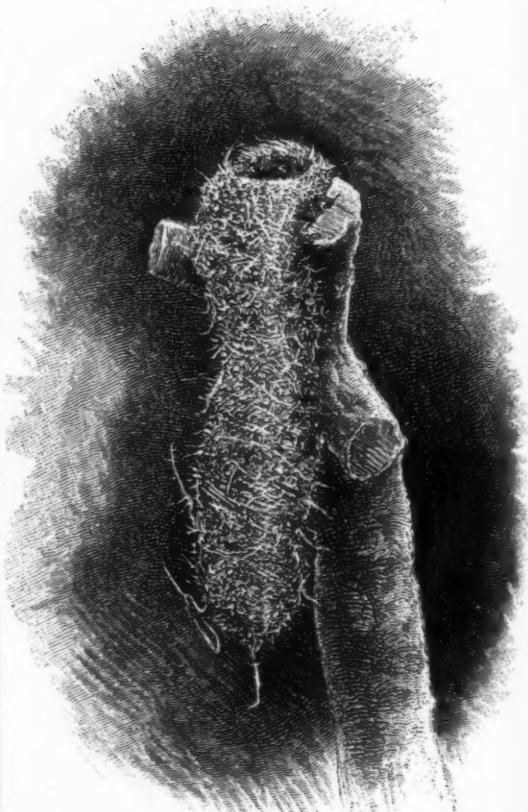
birds the power of making a complex structure without instruction or experience is to credit them with powers man himself does not possess. Observation confirms the statement, that if birds brought up in confinement are not able to build a proper nest typical of their species, there is reason to believe that the art of nest-building has to be acquired, just the same as man has to learn the art of house-building—the one is proportionately as complex as the other. If a bird has no means of seeing a nest peculiar to its species, or of watching its companions in the act of building such a nest, there is evidence to show that it is unable to produce one for itself.

Every one knows the gay, sprightly little chaf-



The CHAFFINCH'S NEST

finch (*Fringilla cælebs*), and most are familiar with its beautiful nest—with one exception, perhaps, the handsomest example of bird architecture to be found in the British Islands, or even in Europe. In the fresh and vernal month of April, when the hedgerows and orchards are decked out in emerald greenery, amongst which bunches of rosy bloom blush in beautiful contrast, the little chaffinches, now married and settled, begin their elaborate and handsome nest. Sometimes it is built in the orchard, on the moss-grown limb of an old apple-tree; or in some convenient fork of a hedgerow bush, where the golden and silver lichens cluster thickly on every branch. Often it is placed in hawthorn-trees, and less frequently amongst the prickly gorse, or in a holly or yew-tree. Wherever it is built, the parent chaffinches always contrive to render it as inconspicuous as possible, by making it resemble in colour the surrounding objects. Where lichens cover the branches, the walls of the nest are studded with similar material; when moss surrounds it, green moss alone forms its outer walls; and I have known the nest of this bird to be thickly sprinkled with little bits of white paper when the nest has been built in the branches of a hawthorn full of bloom. For nearly a fortnight the little architects labour assiduously at their beautiful home, roots, moss, and grasses, strengthened with lichens and cobwebs, forming the outside framework, the inside being lined with a thick bed of feathers, hair, and the downy covering of various seeds. It will thus be seen that a bird like the chaffinch, which takes such considerable pains over its work, and displays such considerable powers of forethought in weaving such a beautiful cradle, is a bird admirably adapted to uphold or rebut the theory of instinct. If a bird can build such a complicated home without tui-



THE NEW ZEALAND CHAFFINCH NEST.

tion or experience, instinct must be the power employed.

But let us follow a pair of young chaffinches (*F. cælebs*) taken out to New Zealand to gladden some British settler's eyes, and remind him of the "old country," and see what kind of home the birds have prepared for their offspring in that distant clime. The striking illustration we give is a correct drawing of a nest made by a pair of chaffinches that had been turned out in that country and thriven well in their new home. It is built in a fork of a branch, and shows none of the wonderful neatness of fabrication for which this bird is so justly famed in England. The cup of the nest is small and loosely put together, and the walls of the structure are prolonged for about eighteen inches, hanging down the side of the supporting branch. It more resembles in its structure the homes of the hangnests than the nest of the English chaffinch. With no older and more experienced birds to teach them, with no nests of their own species to copy, it is clear that these chaffinches when in New Zealand were at a loss for a design, and the result of their nest-building capabilities is the abnormal structure here depicted. It is quite possible that the birds imitated in a certain degree the nest of some New Zealand species; or it may be the slight resemblance one can trace in this extraordinary nest to that of the English chaffinch is the result of memory—the dim remembrance of the little home in which they first saw the light in a Surrey orchard, now all but effaced by new surroundings and changed conditions of life. In any case we have here a convincing proof that birds do not build their nest by blind instinct, but they do so by imitating the work of older and more experienced companions, aided largely by rudimentary reasoning powers and by memory. It is no more wonderful for a bird to have to learn how to build its nest than it is for a man to have to be initiated into the art of house-building. What I want to impress upon the reader is that a bird's song, as well as the language of mankind—the art of fabricating a bird's nest, as well as that of building a dwelling—either by savage or civilised man, has all to be learnt! The desire to make a nest may be instinct pure and simple; but instinct can go no further; imitation, memory, and tuition then become the all-guiding impulses.

CHARLES DIXON.

A BIRD'S NEST IN A SKULL.

Many are the out-of-the-way and strange places selected by birds in which to build their nests. They have been found in old castaway boots, hats neglected or hung up in outhouses, the interiors of jugs, under railway sleepers, and in divers unexpected associations, but of all the most extraordinary places, if not quite unique in its way, is the interior of a human skull.

The bird which has so boldly selected this grim place for a nest is the Cape wagtail of South



Africa. The skull is that of some poor unfortunate Kaffir, who had probably been killed. In that country decomposure soon takes place, and in a short time the bones would bleach white and soon fall to pieces. One portion of the skull had already fallen away, exposing the hollow cavity of the head, when the wagtails, in search of a sheltered and cosy place, selected it for their nest. It had not long been finished when it was observed by the Rev. C. H. R. Fisk, and brought home; and now it is in the Museum, where also may be seen many other singular nesting-places. R. E. H.

ANECDOTES OF KING FREDERICK WILLIAM III OF PRUSSIA.

THE late Emperor of Germany, although he lived to so great an age, had only been seventeen years at the head of the Empire, and ten years more he had reigned as King of Prussia. He succeeded to the throne on the death of his elder brother, Frederick William IV, in 1861, and he was proclaimed Emperor in 1871. The remarkable character of the late ruler, and the mighty events of his reign, have caused the history of his predecessor on the throne to fade from general recollection. But there was much to note and remember in his private and public life.

Born in 1795, his early life was passed in the time of his country's calamity and depression, but he took part in the Wars of Independence, and the renewed prosperity of the Prussian kingdom after the downfall of Napoleon. He did not come to the throne till 1840. A period of revolution was approaching. There were then new ideas of regal power and of popular rights in European States, and nowhere was the conflict between the new and the old ideas more marked than in the land of Frederick "the Great."

Frederick William had to submit to the rules of

the Constitution, declaring at the same time that "no piece of paper shall ever come between me and my people!"

Frederick William III., the father of the two brothers, was not himself a strong or successful ruler, but he was exemplary in his private domestic relationships. His personal character did much, as with our own autocratic George III., to endear him to his subjects. He was greatly averse to pomp and show, and he was very sociable and hospitable; while also observant, upon principle, of court etiquette and usage. But even state banquets and court receptions lost much of their oppressive formality, through the good-natured condescension of the monarch. In the palace he always felt bound in so far "to play the host" as to take special notice of, and to address a few appropriate words to, each of his guests. The homely tone of some of these royal receptions is shown in the following amusing anecdote, given on the authority of the late Bishop Eylert, the King's chaplain and biographer.

On one occasion a number of Lutheran ministers had been invited to the royal table. In the drawing-room, coffee being handed round, one of these clergymen, for greater convenience of holding his cup, laid his *baret*, or clerical hat, down upon a small consol table, which stood not far off, in an obscure corner of the room. One of the lackeys, who handed round cakes and sweet biscuits, had deemed this table a convenient place for depositing some of the things which he meant to take away as delicacies for his wife and children at his home. He took aside the cakes as deftly as possible, for every one knew the strict rules about carrying anything out of the palace, and the King never passed over the slightest act of what he thought dishonesty. Seeing the King advancing towards the clerical group nearest the table, the waiter in his perturbation deposited the contents of his napkin into the temptingly handy receptacle of the clerical *baret*! The owner thereof, on becoming aware of the King's approach, hastily rose from his chair and seized his *baret*, as a necessary appendage to his costume when standing to receive his Majesty's personal address to him.

As the minister rose, hat in hand, out fell the heterogeneous contents before the King.

The kind-hearted monarch, mistaking the unconscious minister's look of reverential respect for the embarrassed air of detection, said, with good-humour, "Ah! you have children, and perhaps grandchildren, at home, who like cakes, and don't get them always. I am pleased to see you thought of them when here; take all you like, and much good may it do them!"

The clergyman's attention was only directed to the unfortunate head-dress, to which the King pointed as he spoke, and out of which part of the contents had fallen. He could only say, "Your Majesty, I am amazed, and have not the least idea how this confectionary came into my hat!"

But Frederick interrupted him with a smile, and he remarked, "No need of apologies; I like to see fatherly kindness and thoughtfulness,"—and passed on to another part of the circle, leaving the worthy old man covered with confusion.

When the King afterwards learned the true state of the case, with his usual generous courtesy he sent a special messenger with apologies for his remarks that evening, and also as the bearer of a handsome and useful present to the worthy minister.

Another anecdote relates to an equally homely scene, but the incident was made by the King the occasion of really weighty thought and of wholesome teaching. It was the custom in summer for the royal family to go to the country seat at Parez, a favourite retreat of the King, where he enjoyed freedom from troublesome state ceremony. Dinner was often laid in the open air, and no pains were taken to keep off spectators, although the respectful conduct of the grown people of the village kept them from intruding on the royal party. It was different with the children, whose curiosity brought them in front of the garden gate, and in wet weather even to the door of the saloon, because it was the custom to distribute among them the remains of the royal dessert.

On one occasion the King asked a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy if he had ever tasted a pineapple? On receiving, as was probably expected, a reply in the negative, the King handed him a slice, saying, "There now, eat it, but eat slowly, and tell me what you think of it."

The pineapple, it has been often said, combines the taste of various fruits; and the King, after watching the slice slowly disappear, said, "Well, what does it taste like?" To which the boy, munching on with evident satisfaction, replied, "It tastes to me like a sausage!"

There was laughter from all present; but the King, with his wonted kindly smile, remarked, "Don't laugh at the boy; we all have our own criterion of taste, and opinions differ even as to the flavour of pineapple. Some say it is likest a melon, and others a pear, or a strawberry; perhaps the selection being determined by his one favourite fruit. This peasant boy speaks of what has hitherto been *his* choicest delicacy—a sausage! We are all alike."

On re-entering the saloon, the King went to a window of stained glass, and following the same train of thought, he continued, "Look through this purple pane, and all the landscape is purple; the same with green, like spring; or yellow, where the scene looks old and faded, as in autumn. All speak truly what appears, yet all are alike in error!" Then, addressing himself to Bishop Eylert, who was present, he said, "This is indeed the cause of endless disputations; people look at truth through coloured media, and, if convinced themselves, cannot persuade others. It is so above all with theologians; they hold to their own narrow points of view, and do not look direct to the truth of Divine Revelation. Each one has his own coloured glass, and perhaps is obliged to have it, from his position or profession; but we should learn to look not merely through, but above and beyond that glass."

The domestic life of Frederick William III. and his heroic consort Queen Louisa was exceedingly simple, and in touching contrast to the troubled aspect of public affairs during their joint lives.



VOICES FROM THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE."

"WHAT DOES MRS. GRUNDY SAY?"

MRS. FRASER advanced into our little parlour with a sumptuous swelling sort of motion, resembling that of a ship in full sail. She is a large, soft-looking woman, dressed well, so far as costliness goes, and not badly as regards colour or form, since she always takes the best professional advice on the subject. I never saw the slightest trace of shabbiness in one of Mrs. Fraser's garments, not even on the thumb of a glove. I have wondered what she did with her worn garments, since clearly she parted from them while they were in a condition which would have made them absurd wear for poor folk, nor had she any maid adequate to their size or style. I have thought there must be poor relations somewhere, and have blamed myself for being so little attracted to so beneficent a woman. Why did I try to excuse myself to myself by thinking that she might have worn her grand clothes a little longer and given the poor things something fresh and simple once in a while? I was not to be excused, for beneficence is beneficence, even if not in the best taste. However, one confidential afternoon, Mrs. Fraser set my accusing conscience at ease by whispering to me that it was such a capital plan to "dispose" of one's used clothes, it got rid of all repairs and shabbiness; she employed a very nice person in the market town, who was very discreet with the servants, and whose address was to a private house, so that nobody was a bit the wiser! On that same afternoon Mrs. Fraser talked very severely about over-dressed working women, and very sentimentally about "Magdalens." I could not help wondering who, she thought, would be the wearers of her cast-off finery.

Alexander says that his faith in me always in-

creases after seeing me with Mrs. Fraser, because he knows I do not like her, and he sees I do not pretend I do! I own that she thoroughly irritates me. She is one of those women who seem to think there is some occult virtue in their mere existence which gives them an undeniable right to all the sweet things and soft places of the world. Her father was given to "make a provision" for her; her husband was chosen "to make a settlement" on her. Everybody is supposed to love and value her. She firmly believes it is so. She sees society as perpetually in the act of offering testimonials to her; and the compliments she receives are displayed in her conversation, as some people hang on their walls framed and glazed certificates earned by themselves, or by their poultry or pigs! For her part, she loves and values nobody; she criticises. Nobody ever does exactly right. Mrs. Fraser would have done differently and better. And as nobody can convict her of having ever done anything at all, of course there is no knowing what she might do if she began! She has never experienced defeat, having never known endeavour. Talk about "those who live in glass houses should not throw stones"! Mrs. Fraser throws stones with impunity, because there is no "house," glazed or otherwise, in her life, but only a bit of waste land, where weeds do flourish!

Am I bitter? Perhaps I am. For I have seen more than one instance in which Mrs. Fraser has exercised the anti-Christlike power of "breaking the bruised reed, and quenching the smoking flax." There is a poor, weak-minded neighbour of ours who has complained to my husband that his life is a burden to him, because he is "so sore held down down by the bubbly-jock" (Scottice

for turkey-cock). Mrs. Fraser plays the part of "bubbly-jock" to a great many people!

The conventional greetings over, Mrs. Fraser sat down and looked round her with the air of deciding. "The poor things have got everything wonderfully nice — considering!" She speaks habitually in a pitying tone. A friend of mine says that in Mrs. Fraser's presence she is always painfully conscious of her widowhood. In my case, she seems to assume that my former labours for my daily bread must have left me exhausted for life! As for Alexander, when she is speaking to him I always realise that he might have married a younger wife, or a richer wife, or a handsomer wife, or a cleverer wife!

"And how is the baby?" she asked. "I think your nursemaid is rather young. I wonder you are not anxious—though, as I said the other day to somebody, 'It really takes experience before people understand the dangers that surround children.'"

Had "somebody," then, been insinuating that I took my maternal duties too easily? My nursemaid is certainly young, but then she is the eldest daughter of a large family, every member of which has lived and thriven. I replied to this effect.

"Yes," said Mrs. Fraser, reluctantly, "that may be. But then those were her own brothers and sisters, and that sort of children are so hardy—different from others—especially from the offspring of people who have had to work with their brains. It is rather unfortunate for you that your first child is a boy. Girls are so much more easily reared."

"Well, I was my mother's first-born, Mrs. Fraser," said Alexander, "and you see I have managed to survive the dangers of that position!" I was so thankful to him for coming to the rescue.

Mrs. Fraser looked at him pathetically. "Ah," she sighed, "but your mother must have been a woman of a splendid constitution—one of those women devoted to domestic life and habits from the beginning, fresh, and vigorous, and alert—a breed of mothers which, I fear, is nearly extinct nowadays. I don't know what the girls are coming to, I'm sure. Have you heard that Catherine Buchan is off to Germany to work in the art-galleries there, exactly like a boy?"

"I have heard it," answered Alexander.

Catherine Buchan is the "clever sister" out of a family of six girls, daughters of the lawyer in the market town. Catherine has a very real artistic gift; she drew heads before she could form letters, and has hitherto worked away diligently, by herself, with immense enthusiasm and no ostentation.

"But, Mrs. Fraser," pursued Alexander, "what do you mean by 'exactly like a boy'? I fear the phrase implies too much, for, most unfortunately, very few parents take the same care concerning the surroundings of their boys' first start in life which the Buchans have bestowed upon Catherine."

"Oh, I was not thinking of that so much," said Mrs. Fraser, "I was thinking rather of the poor

thing's being mewed up in studies and picture-galleries, among nasty-smelling paints, puzzling her young head with old masters. Don't you think that such an unnatural life must be very bad for girls' health, Dr. Crawford?"

My husband shook his head. "I don't see that it need be unnatural," he answered. "Catherine is a splendid walker, and, among all the incitements of an interesting foreign country, she is not likely to 'do' less than her seven miles a day, which will save her from all the drawbacks of a sedentary life. Then in the family where she boards she is to have the charge of her own apartment, and a trifle of bed-making, sweeping, and water-carrying will furnish the gymnastic which gives due exercise to all the muscles of the body. No, Mrs. Fraser, every career may have some difficult corners which it requires foresight and wisdom to round in safety; but Catherine's is certainly much more healthful for mind and body than the crewels and calls and cackle of the ordinary young person."

"Do you really think so, Dr. Crawford?" said Mrs. Fraser. "Dear me, what are we women to do if our doctors will not save us from ourselves? For even if these ways do not injure girls' health—which I cannot but maintain—I am still sure that, by giving them independent ways, and, as it were, undomesticating them, their prospects in life are injured. Besides, such habits are quite inconsistent with going into society, and so a girl's outlook is cut off, though the poor thing may scarcely realise the wrong tack she has gone on till she finds herself stranded as an old maid, with no hopes of matrimony, except she fortunately raises the sympathy of some Quixotically chivalric man."

Alexander settled himself into his judicial attitude, with eyes studiously averted from mine. I was so glad I did not have to speak, for Mrs. Fraser would have only smiled superior on anything I might have said as mere special pleading in my own behalf. And I might have got too warm, and put myself in the wrong, as lawyers say those are apt to do who have to be their own counsel. It is so much nicer to be defended than to defend oneself, and I always feel my interests are quite safe with Alexander.

"Inconsistent with going into society," he repeated. "But what do you mean by going into society? Do you mean evening parties or balls, extending far into the night, or afternoon kettle-drums, absorbing the best working hours? Then I admit the inconsistency. Whoever attempts to combine these with any useful or valuable pursuit is endeavouring to reconcile the incompatible, and is but committing a sure though possibly slow act of suicide. True friendship and kindly, helpful neighbourliness are conducted on quite different plans. As to a woman being likely to lose the faculties of loyalty and submission to authority—the peculiar attributes of womanhood—by any enlarged experience she may gain as an individual, I deny that entirely. No creature's elemental requirements can be so easily crossed. I believe rather that as woman's mind and experience expand so will her womanli-

ness. It is not the wise but the fool who is ungovernable, restive, and unamenable to reason, as many a man has found to his cost. And I do not think that any development of individuality is likely to diminish a woman's power of attraction, and so spoil what are vulgarly called her 'chances.' In that respect I always remember the saying of an old college chum of mine, whose rich uncle was constantly urging him, 'Jack, marry a nice girl;' and who used to reply, 'So I would, uncle, if I saw one; but I always see a row all as alike as hollyhocks, and how am I to choose one from another?'"

"What a silly young man!" said Mrs. Fraser, who is wholly devoid of humour, and who also makes a point of never seeming to notice arguments directed against her original position, but just quietly shifts it; "I am sure I am always so sorry for women who don't happen to marry at the proper time, for one never knows what sad vicissitudes are before them. Have you heard of the poor Lumsdens? Mrs. Lumsden has let the mortgage foreclose at last, and she and her daughter have retired to live on a pittance in that cottage near the Bank—quite a common cottage, with only one sitting-room! I think there are only four rooms in all—no spare bedroom; no pretence of a drawing-room!"

"It is a very pretty cottage," I interrupted. "Its rooms are so bright and quaint. The kitchen is quite a picture, with its red floor and chimney-corner. And Mrs. Lumsden's antique furniture and dear old chintzes will look far more in place in those wide, low rooms, than in any garish villa of much greater pretension. And flowers flourish in the little front garden."

Mrs. Fraser shook her head in her usual style.

"But to think of a Lumsden with one sitting-room!" she persisted. "I should have thought it would have been easier for them to make any other sacrifice! But I suppose they are very poor. It is said they keep no servant, and that Mary is to undertake all the housework. It is a pity she was not brought up to do something for herself, and then she might not have such a hard lot now."

"Mary was the only daughter, and could scarcely leave home," I said; "and, besides, after all, she is safely provided for in a quiet way that will suit her perfectly. She will be quite at home among her plants and poultry, brightening her mother's rooms, and planning little dainties for her."

"It seems selfish for the mother to absorb all her daughter's life," commented Mrs. Fraser; "it will be very hard for Mary when Mrs. Lumsden dies."

"So it will be, certainly," I replied, meaning in a sense very different from Mrs. Fraser's. And I have seen poor Mrs. Lumsden weeping over her daughter's persistent seclusion! She knew the secret of it, and so did I. But I am not going to unveil that pathetic little romance to the prying eyes of this coarse-grained woman. Wounded hearts have no chance to heal if poisoned fingers are perpetually thrust into them.

"Well, children are a great responsibility," said

Mrs. Fraser, with pompous emphasis; "and I think those to whom God does not give them should shrink from assuming the burden. Yet have you heard the latest news? The broken-hearted young widow, Mrs. Keith, has actually adopted two—a boy and a girl!"

"I am glad of it!" cried Alexander. "She could not have done better. As long as an orphan or friendless child remains in the world, that child is as much sent by God to those who have the power and the heart to succour it as if it was born of their blood and bone!"

"Ah, well, Dr. Crawford," said Mrs. Fraser, significantly, "you're young, and, excuse me, you don't know the evil of the world. There are very few people who will believe that a rich young widow, who might enjoy life at its best, and could easily marry again, has taken two friendless babies out of an asylum, for pure love and kindness of heart. There is something at the bottom of it, and if there isn't, everybody will say there is, which comes to the same thing. You know we have an old saying in this neighbourhood, 'There's aye some water where the stirkie drowns.'"

"If that means there must be some evil where there is slander, I admit it fully," said Alexander, "for if it is nowhere else, it is certainly in the slanderers themselves."

"But there is no slander at all here," answered Mrs. Fraser, calmly. "I hate slander myself, only one cannot always restrain a comment on what is self-evident. Is such a course of conduct probable? If Mr. Fraser was dead, and I hadn't two children of my own, could you imagine it of me?"

"Certainly not," Alexander admitted, with alacrity. "But then you and Mrs. Keith are very different in every way, Mrs. Fraser."

"Ah, poor thing! that's very true," said the lady, as if she had received a compliment. "But making all allowances, it is queer. Take my word, there is something at the bottom of it."

"I am quite sure of it," said Alexander. Mrs. Fraser opened her eyes at this ready acquiescence. "There is something at the bottom of it," Alexander went on, "there is a warm, womanly heart, which is wise enough to determine not to waste its treasures of affection and solicitude, but to store them in their proper place in the welfare of human beings."

"Well, I hope she will find them grateful," said Mrs. Fraser.

"I hope she will find them loving," corrected my husband. "She will never think of the debt they owe her, because, whether they acknowledge that or not, she will feel that God repays it, and that they give her more than she can give them. What else is meant by the teaching that it is more blessed to give than to receive?"

"Ah, what a beautiful saying that is," responded Mrs. Fraser. "And now I must go, for I have made quite a visitation. The time passes so quickly when I am with you,—you are such sad gossips! Really, I only meant to look in, at Mr. Fraser's request, to leave this little book for the Doctor. Mr. Fraser is perfectly delighted with it—you know poor Mr. Fraser's way of going into

ecstacies? I never do; I try to keep an impartially judicial mind. And I think this book is simply ridiculous—it runs counter to what everybody does. You'll see what it's about when you read it, my dear. But never mind what the subject may be, there is no use in anybody's setting himself up to be wiser than the common sense of the majority. What everybody does is not done without good reasons. And it is useless to try to stand in the way of people making money, as this writer would like to do. Now I can see you are going to say something, Dr. Crawford. But I mustn't wait to hear it, and, besides, I don't like discussions. Is there any news going? I've heard a terrible bit of gossip lately, but I won't repeat it! Have you heard anything? No? Not about the new schoolmaster—something not to his credit? Very well, then, I'm not going to tell you. I'm no mischief-maker. Think well of him as long as you can. Be sure and read the book I've brought, but remember it's Mr. Fraser who likes it, and I do not. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. I've no doubt we shall like it too," said my husband. But such mild retorts are quite thrown away on Mrs. Fraser.

And so, with gushing adieux, she sailed away, leaving me painfully conscious of a tiny rent in my table-cover, which had escaped my observation till I saw it detected by

"the jury sitting in her eyes,"

as the American rhymer has it.

"Open the windows, Alexander!" I cried, as the garden gate clanged behind her. "Open the windows, and

'Let out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Let in the love of truth and right,
Let in the common love of good.'

"Ah," said Alexander, "it is a terrible thing to see the raw material of that 'public opinion,' which is such a forcible factor in human affairs, which fetters weakness into inaction, and squanders strength in resistance."

"I think that public opinion in nine cases out of ten is the opinion of those who talk most because they do least," I remarked.

"But think of the harm that they do!" Alick said. "Think of the falsehoods they often promulgate, and the pain and misunderstanding that grow therefrom! In my profession I have come across one or two instances that were grimly humorous. An old lady of Mrs. Fraser's stamp inquired after a very clever young graduate—where was he? 'Oh, in the X-shire Lunatic Asylum,' was the heedless reply of one too accustomed to answer that his fellow-students were on 'whalers,' or 'in mines,' to have the least suspicion that such a response could carry any meaning but that of holding an appointment. The old lady sought no particulars, but went away and reported that 'young Dr. Jones had gone raving mad,' and what a downcome that would be to his pride of intellect, and what warning to

students not to overwork,—the warning being solemnly repeated to youths whose danger lay in the opposite direction! Fortunately, that calumny was arrested and extinguished before it did much harm. Oddly enough, my other story had a similar origin. Somehow, a mysterious whisper went about that a certain scientific gentleman 'had insanity in his family.' One gossip (not of the female sex) had 'always thought there was something wild in his eye.' Another felt that this was a sufficient explanation for his prolonged celibacy and marriage on the borders of old age. Finally, some remark of this sort was whispered (of course, with profound sympathy!) in the presence of an intimate of the gentleman, who drily remarked that their friendship was of ancient family origin, and that Mr. Smith's sole connection with insanity was that his only brother was a commissioner in lunacy!

"It is absurd to pretend that we do not receive pain or pleasure from the regards our neighbours cast upon us," said Alexander. "Even simple truths may be so stated as to wound susceptible feelings. It is all nonsense to pretend that words do not wound; the tenderer and the nobler the heart, the more keenly they do wound. But they do not make the noble heart alter its course, or beat a retreat in its battles. They only make it do in agony what it might have done in joy. On this point Ruskin has some noble words scattered up and down through his 'Modern Painters.' They impressed me so much when I read them that I collected them into my commonplace book. He writes—

"'The habitual modern practical application of the precept "judge not" is to avoid the trouble of pronouncing verdict, by taking of any matter the pleasantest malicious view which first comes to hand.'

"And again,

"'Love and trust are the only mother's milk of any man's soul. So far as he is hated and mistrusted, his powers are destroyed. Do not think that with impunity you can follow the eyeless fool, and shout with the charlatan, and that the men you thrust aside with gibe and blow are thus sneered and crushed into the best service they can do you. . . . As the flower is gnawed by frost, so every human heart is gnawed by faithlessness. And as surely, as irrevocably, as the fruit bud falls before the east wind, so fails the power of the kindest human heart if you meet it with poison.'

"And further,

"'While the envy of the vicious and the insolence of the ignorant are occasionally shown in their nakedness by futile efforts to degrade the dead, it is worthy of consideration whether they may not more frequently escape detection in successful efforts to degrade the living. . . . Be it remembered that the spirit of detraction is detected only when unsuccessful, and receives least punishment where it effects the greatest injury. . . . Men have commonly more pleasure in the criticism which hurts than in that which is innocuous, and are more tolerant of the severity which breaks hearts and ruins fortunes than of that which falls impotently on the grave.'

"Did it strike you, Lucy?" mused Alexander, as he closed his book, "that Mrs. Fraser's animadversions were chiefly directed against any originality or individuality of nature or conduct? The root of her unfavourable criticism of Cathe-

rine Buchan, of the Lumsdens, and of Mrs. Keith lay in the fact that some of their actions seem to be not precisely as those of most people—at least, in Mrs. Fraser's range of experience. And when I heard her defiling the good deed which has grown quite naturally from Mrs. Keith's beautiful character, I could not help thinking of Walter Savage Landor's graphic saying, 'It is in proportion as men approach you they applaud you. To those far distant and far below you seem as little as they seem to you. Fellows who cannot come near enough to reverence you, think they are only a stone's-throw distant—and they throw it !'

"What you say did not strike me till you say it, Alick," I answered. "But I own you are right. And surely this spirit, aiming at reducing human lives to mere moulds from one commonplace model, is in direct antagonism to the Divine Creator, who has made no two blades of grass alike."

"Yes," said Alexander; "it is a blasphemy against what a great thinker has called the 'sacredness in individuality of character'—an

outrage on 'each fresh new soul intended by his Maker to develop himself in a fresh new way.' It desires not to help nature, but to stultify her efforts, cramping the giants and stretching the dwarfs. 'Mrs. Grundy's' advice is, 'Try to be (or to seem) what you are not, but your neighbours are.'"

"What different results," I said, "would flow from obedience to Judge Payne's cheerful precept—

'Do what you can, being what you are—
Shine like a glowworm, if you cannot like a star.'

But then, Alick, it is no use our setting Mrs. Grundy on to abuse Mrs. Grundy. We must fight her! I really think when Christian goes on his pilgrimage to-day Apollyon meets him no longer with the 'wings of a dragon and the feet of a bear,' but genteelly arrayed in Mrs. Grundy's silk gown and lace cap."

And there our conversation ended, and our next discussion was over the little green pamphlet that Mrs. Fraser had brought from her husband.

NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

THE PHOSPHORESCENT FISHES OF THE "CHALLENGER."

Among the many wonderful secrets of the deep sea which have been brought to light by the "Challenger" expedition, none are more important than those which relate to the hitherto little-known phosphorescent fishes, creatures many of them uncouth to look at, living at enormous depths, far removed from any glimpse of sunlight, and adapted in wonderful ways to their dark and abyssal surroundings. The conditions under which these fishes live naturally lead us to expect some corresponding adaptation of their bodily structure, and in this anticipation we are by no means disappointed. Dr. Günther has pointed out that "the organ of sight is the first to be affected by a sojourn in deep water. Even in fishes which habitually live at a depth of only eighty fathoms (less than five hundred feet) we find the eye of a proportionately larger size than in their representatives at the surface. In such fishes the eyes increase in size with the depth inhabited by them down to two hundred fathoms, the larger eyes, it may be presumed, being necessary to collect as many rays of light as possible. Beyond that depth small-eyed fishes as well as large-eyed occur; the former have their want of vision compensated for by organs of touch, whilst the latter have no such accessory organs, and evidently see only by the aid of phosphorescence. In the greatest depth blind fishes occur. These creatures have rudimentary eyes, and are without special organs of touch."

The newly-issued volume on the zoology of

the Challenger expedition is devoted entirely to an account of these deep-sea fishes, the most novel of the facts mentioned relating chiefly to those which are endowed with phosphorescent organs. Phosphorescent creatures, especially of the humbler forms, are, of course, found in the surface waters of the sea, but these do not possess the special luminous organ found on the deep-sea fishes. Such light as they have proceeds from a luminous mucus disseminated over the general surface of the fish, and visible whenever the animal is active, and probably ceasing when it is asleep or at rest. But the luminosity of the deep-sea fishes in question is not merely muciferous; these fishes have separate organs of phosphorescence peculiar to themselves, of great structural and biological interest. Until within the last year or two these organs were a standing problem to zoologists. It had already been noticed that many deep-sea fishes are provided with peculiar small round organs of a mother-of-pearl colour, distributed in rows along the side of the body; in other cases they appear of larger size, occurring on the head as well as the body. On some fishes they appear as large eye-like spots, red or green during life, placed on the lower side of the body and also on the head. Still more differentiated are certain large round flat organs of a peculiar mother-of-pearl appearance, placed like the former, and also on the tail. In one peculiar form, known as "Ipnops" (dredged from a depth of nearly three miles), the eyes of the fish have disappeared, and their place has been taken by two phosphorescent organs of enormous size, occupying nearly the whole of the flat upper surface of the head.

Prior to the Challenger expedition the nature of these various organs was much disputed, even by very able observers. Some authorities looked

to say that the recent discovery of their real character by Dr. Lendenfeld, Mr. Moseley, and others, has been due to the improved methods of



FIG. 1.—PHOSPHORESCENT FISHES OF THE DEEP SEA.

The upper figure in the picture is an Opostomias, with luminous aperture near the eye, two rows of luminous spots along the body, perpendicular light-streaks along the back, and a long barbel attached to the mouth, with a luminous tassel at one end.

The lower figure is a Lantern-fish (Astronethes) bearing a frontal phosphorescent apparatus.

upon them as accessory eyes; others, on the contrary, thought they might be givers rather than receivers of light; and others again thought they were electric organs. The theory that they were luminous organs was beset with the difficulty that

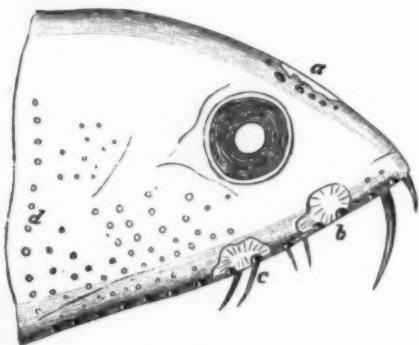


FIG. 2.—HEAD OF LANTERN-FISH.

a. Frontal phosphorescent gland; b c. Phosphorescent gland along the jaw; d. Eye-like phosphorescent organs.

this endowment would in many cases be to the disadvantage of the fish, revealing its whereabouts to enemies in search of prey. It is not too much

histological investigation which have come into use during the last ten years—the post-mortem examinations of the tissue-structures by means of microscopical sections of an almost incredible nicety. Fig. 3 is an example of what can be discovered in these days by modern microscopical methods. The tissues of the phosphorescent organ are here seen edgewise, the microscope enlarging the edge with the result as shown.

Some further particulars as to the positions occupied by these luminous organs on the body of the fish

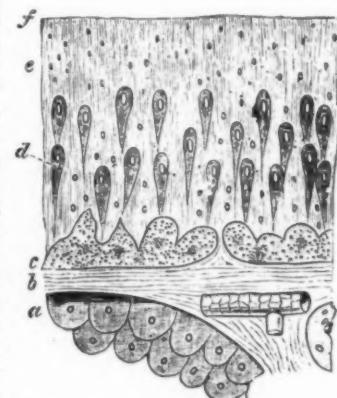


FIG. 3.—STRUCTURE OF THE PHOSPHORESCENT ORGAN IN OPOSTOMIAS (magnified 80 diameters).

a. Gland-tubes of the interior; b. Membrane dividing inner from outer layer; c. Layer of ganglion cells; d. The phosphorescent cells; e. Supporting cells; f. Outer surface.

may now be given. Some of them are placed on the under surface of the body where they can illuminate the dark water beneath for any purpose. Some are placed on the back near the tail. These "stern-chasers" are invariably directed backwards. Whether they serve for purposes of defence by shooting a strong ray of light to dazzle and frighten an enemy which is in hot pursuit, or whether they are used to attract, is not known. In some cases the luminous organ is placed on the long worm-like appendage of the lower jaw known as a "barbel." (See Fig. 1.) Dr. Günther is of opinion that its function in such a case is that of attracting other animals and of serving as lures. It is a matter of common observation that aquatic animals are in the dark attracted by a light, and therefore these appendages will prove most efficient lures in the abyssal darkness, when, with one or several bright phosphorescent spots at the end of the tentacle, they are played about by the fish. It can hardly be doubted that the luminosity often plays an important part for offensive or defensive purposes, inasmuch as these fishes must live almost exclusively by predatory means, the stronger or the more cunning devouring the others, for in all these great and dark depths of the sea there is no vegetable life to afford sustenance.

Some of the deep-sea fishes have not only special and unusually large phosphorescent organs; they are endowed with "reflectors" in addition. A light-reflecting layer, which intensifies the light with a brilliant lustre, is found in several species of *Scopelus*. The reflecting membrane is parabolic in form, and it would seem that, at the will of the fish, the light may, by means of the reflector, be thrown forward as a strong flash.

Perhaps more remarkable still are the large glandular phosphorescent organs seen beneath the eyes of such fish as *Astronesthes* and *Opostomias* (Fig. 1). In these the "bull's-eye" principle of illumination would seem to be exercised in a striking manner. Dr. Lendenfeld describes the organ as fitted with a membrane by which the light can be suddenly turned on or off at pleasure. This membrane is perfectly opaque. It can play the part of a lamp-shade or act like the iris of an eye. The fish can shoot forth a ray of light, modify its brilliancy, and illuminate such objects as lie in the line of vision; but this ray can be immediately stopped when the fish finds it advantageous to pursue its way in darkness. The phosphorescent organ has the same position as the eye, the optical axis of the two being parallel.

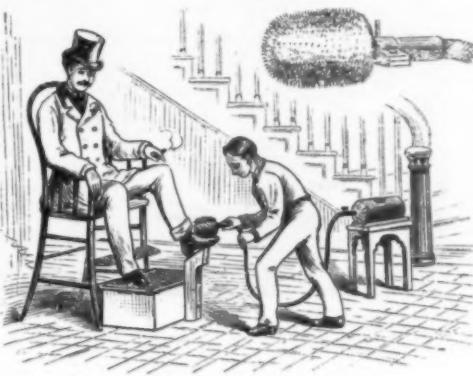
Thus the whole of the evidence goes to show that the production of light is evidently subject to the will of the fish. Only thus can the luminous apparatus be of advantage to the possessor, for if the production of light were constant or could not be suppressed instantaneously, the fish would be a most conspicuous object and a mark for an enemy.

As already marked, the glandular light-giving organ placed beneath the eye in some of the deep-sea fishes, and shown in Fig. 1, is perhaps the most remarkable and complex of the structures in question which have yet been met with. The

cells in which the phosphorescent fuel is stored for consumption, the transparent tissues and even bones through which the light forces its way, and the number of auxiliary structures which underlie the actual dioptric tissues, tell a story of wonderful adaptation and collaboration to a common end —the benefit of the individual possessing them.

ELECTRIC SHOE-BLACKING.

The household applications of electricity are illustrated in many forms in the newly-opened electric club-house in New York City. The building, which was opened on January 31st, is situated at No. 17 East 22nd Street, and is fitted up throughout with the newest electric improvements



ELECTRIC SHOE-BLACKING.

An electric door-opener is employed at the main entrance. The initiated member presses a block with his foot, and the door immediately flies open. Perhaps the greatest novelty is a machine for blacking boots. For this purpose a motor is made to rotate a flexible shaft, to the end of which is attached a rotating-brush. The brush is provided with a clutch, so that it may be thrown in and out of gear with the rotating shaft, and thus stopped or started without interfering with the motor.

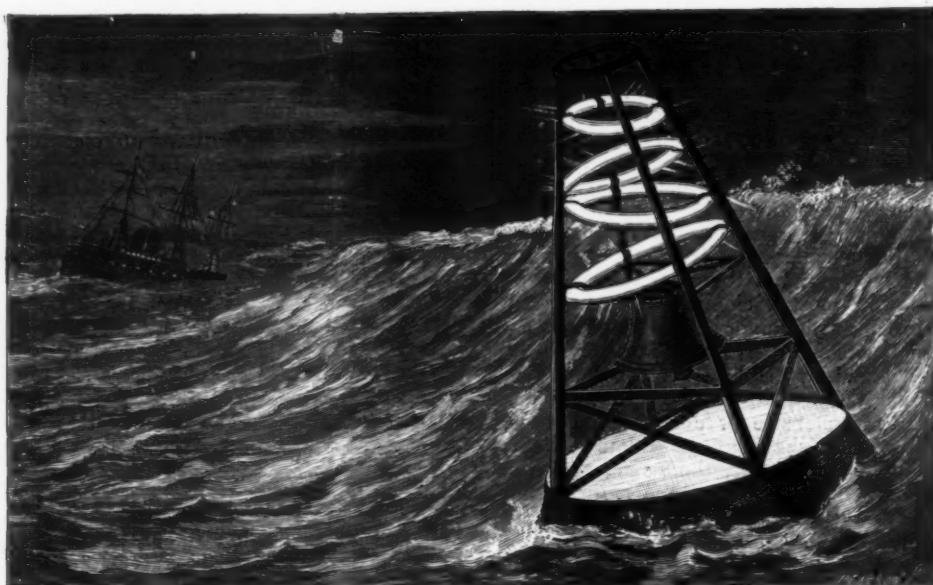
A SELF-LUMINOUS BUOY.

Mr. George M. Hopkins describes in the "Scientific American" the latest form of luminous buoy. Among the devices hitherto used for rendering buoys luminous are lamps arranged to burn for a long time, phosphorescent mixtures, electric illumination supplied with the current from the shore by means of a cable, and the more recent luminous paint, which absorbs light by day and gives it out at night. Compressed gas has been employed with great success, some of the buoys having been designed to carry six months' supply of gas, and to serve as light-ships.

The engraving illustrates illuminating apparatus designed as an auxiliary to bell buoys and whistling buoys. It is based upon the generation of electricity by the agitation of mercury in a high vacuum or in gas of high tension. The self-exciting Geissler tube involves the same principle.

The buoy represented in the cut is adapted to ring a bell by the rolling motion imparted to it by the waves. Advantage is taken of this motion to

ing") the Anglo-American Brush Electric Light Company provides the apparatus illustrated here-with. This consists of a cage suspended over the



SELF-LUMINOUS BUOY.

agitate mercury in the annular tubes placed in the upper portions of the frame of the buoy. The tubes are made very heavy and strong, and each contains barriers for causing friction of the mercury against the sides of the tubes.

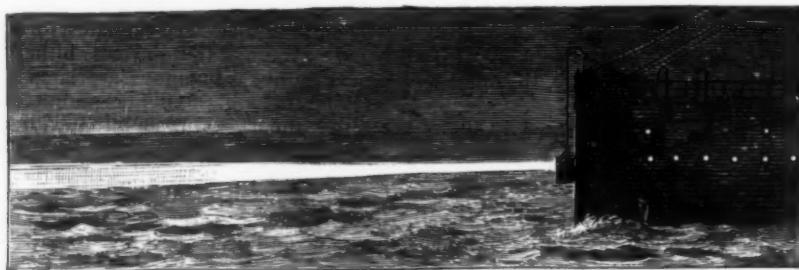
To insure the action of one or more of the tubes at all times, they are inclined at different angles. A slight motion of the buoy causes the mercury to travel circularly in the tubes and generate sufficient electricity to render the tubes luminous.

ELECTRIC SEARCH-LIGHT FOR SHIPS.

The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company's vessels pass through the Suez Canal, and, accord-

bow of the vessel, within eight feet of the water. In this cage there is mounted an arc lamp taking a current of seventy amperes and sixty volts. The lamp is regulated by an attendant who sits behind it, and feeds the carbons as they are consumed. The electric beam is reflected by a mirror twenty-two inches in diameter and twelve inches across, and then is spread sideways by a dispersing lens which widens it into a sector subtending an angle of 22 degrees. The mid rays of the arc are prevented from leaving the lantern by a carbon shield, but as the crater of each carbon is turned toward the mirror, there is very little loss from this cause.

By the use of this apparatus the time of passing through the Suez Canal is reduced from an average

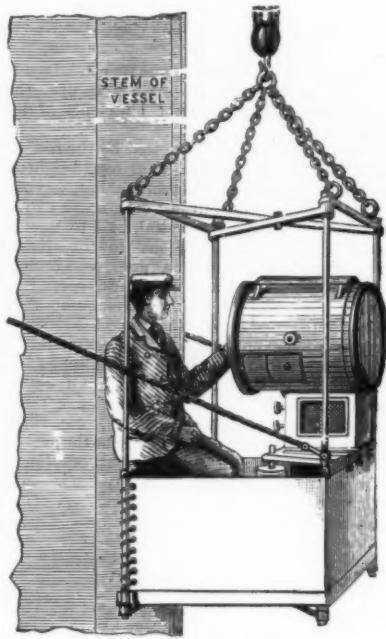


ELECTRIC SEARCH-LIGHT.

ing to the present regulations, they are allowed to steam on at night instead of being obliged to moor at dock, if they are provided with search-lights. For this purpose (we quote from "Fngineer-

of thirty-six hours to fifteen or eighteen hours. In the case of a vessel fitted with duplicate plant, the spare dynamo is employed to work the arc lamp in passing through the Canal. Vessels that are

not fitted with electric apparatus take them on deck on entering the Canal and discharge them at



The Cage suspended from the bows.

the other end, and thus one set will serve a whole fleet of steamers.

"THUNDERBOLTS" EXPOSED.

At the recent soirée of the Royal Meteorological Society held in London, an exhibition of so-called "thunderbolts" was the occasion of an exposition by Mr. J. G. Symons, F.R.S. This well-known meteorologist himself visited the sites of the alleged falls, and had obtained specimens from the possessors who were living on the spot, and believed themselves to have witnessed the descent of the "bolt" in question during a thunderstorm. In the first case mentioned, the visitor found that fragments of the specimen had actually been sold for fifteen shillings a piece, so great had been the demand. He succeeded in obtaining an inspection of one of them, but it proved to be nothing more than a piece of ordinary coal, probably left behind in the roadway after a delivery by vans from the coal wharf. In the second case, the "thunderbolt" proved to be a "clinker" from a fire-engine. The

third and last specimen examined proved to be a piece of fused iron containing a fragment of a brick. During the storm the lightning had fused a telegraph wire passing over a chimney, carried it down the shaft, and struck the stove, leaving it in a semi-fused mass with a fragment of the shattered fire-brick enclosed. Mr. Symons has for many years made it a habit to follow up all reputed cases of falls of thunderbolts, and the examples just mentioned are average illustrations of his experience, and of the prevailing want of common knowledge as to the nature of electricity.

The fact that solid masses, sometimes small and sometimes large, do fall from the sky, is, of course, well-known, and our museums contain numerous examples of these interesting visitors. But aerolites (or meteorites, as they are called) have nothing whatever to do with thunderstorms. Thunderstorms originate in the earth's atmosphere, within four or five miles of the earth's surface; whereas meteorites come to us from the interplanetary spaces, millions upon millions of miles away. If the arrival of a meteorite in our atmosphere should happen to coincide with the occurrence of a thunderstorm, the irrelevance of each to the other would be just as real, and the accidental coincidence in point of time would be the only fact in common between them.

Meteorites often come from a perfectly cloudless sky. The time of their arrival from outer space to our earth has been determined years before by the nature of their celestial path, and is quite independent of any aerial conditions which may prevail on our earth when they enter our atmosphere.

Sometimes a meteorite, as it descends from the clear blue sky, will form a cloud of its own as it comes along, owing to the combustion and vapour which result from its enormous friction with our atmosphere, upon which it impinges at a rate of from twenty to forty-five miles a second.

Thunderstorms and falls of meteorites are therefore in no way connected. Nothing solid falls from the sky as the product of electricity during a storm. The notion of material "bolts" issuing from the clouds as the result of a thunderstorm, or electric activity, is utterly baseless. That atmospheric electricity can do immense material damage is a fact but too well attested; and electricity produced in the laboratory can also be put to very destructive purposes.

But to imagine that when lightning strikes the earth something solid is sent from the cloud is entirely to mistake the nature of electricity. As well imagine that when a telegraphic message is sent from Liverpool to New York, something solid is sent along the wire.

Varieties.

A Recollection of Berlin.

There are few who are not interested just now with anything in connection with the great Sovereign who has so lately finished his earthly career.

Our thoughts have continually been flying back to our visit to Berlin last September, and though unfortunately we missed seeing the Kaiser, who left for Baden the day we arrived, yet, as we saw his rooms in the palace just as he had left them, with all his belongings—favourite books, papers, letters, relics, and reminiscences scattered about—it was to us inexpressibly interesting.

A large square block standing in the street, in the famous "Unter den Linden"—in the midst of his people—with few pretensions to grandeur either inside or out—the Kaiser's palace was an index to his simple heroic soul. It was his particular rooms which interested us most, of course (for the State apartments are sadly inharmonious in colouring, and devoid of taste in arrangement), the library out of which his bedroom opens, and the farther room with its famous corner window from where he always watched his guard march by. Here numerous portraits of the different members of the Hohenzollern family covered the walls, many evidently the work of amateur hands. Blue, as we know, was the Emperor's favourite colour, and predominated everywhere in the furniture, which was arranged with an air of stiffness and severity not inconsistent with some phases of his character. The bookshelves were almost entirely filled with works on military subjects, many showing signs of frequent handling. Photographs of his grandchildren in various baby forms were all around. Painted texts and little gifts, the work of childish fingers—with loving inscriptions for birthdays and fêtes—adorned his writing-table. Some indeed were from those who were no longer children, and some from those who had "gone before"—faded and worn little tokens, but still cherished for the givers' sakes.

One of the household servants was showing us round in company with seven or eight others, chiefly Germans, and on discovering that we were strangers seemed most anxious we should see and admire everything, making a point of translating the last few words of his orations over articles of interest into broken English for our benefit. As we were passing the Emperor's writing-table I noticed his blotting-pad fresh with big "Wilhelms" from his last despatches, so I could not resist remarking how much I should like to possess a piece. The good man seemed quite pleased at my enthusiasm, but assured me he dared not touch it, drawing my attention to a certain little letter-weight left upon it which he said meant it was not to be disturbed. But in a confiding whisper he intimated that if I waited a minute till the rest of the people had gone through, he had some more in his pocket taken off the very day before, which would please me just as well. So, having ushered his less-honoured compatriots into the next room, and in a loud voice called their attention to the various objects of interest therein, he slipped back to me, and half closing the door proceeded to take out of his pocket a mysterious little parcel from which he unfolded a piece of blotting-paper on which were the much-coveted signatures, and presented it to me—with furtive glances over his shoulder to see the others were not looking, for evidently no one else was to be so honoured! One hears of a distinguished personage of the female sex who begged for and obtained a few of the venerable monarch's hairs from his brush, but I feel my blotting-paper is quite as interesting a possession!

A little later, as I was standing near the famous corner window, and trying to imagine the fine commanding figure which had stood there such innumerable times, I suddenly heard the sound of the guard approaching, being twelve o'clock, the hour for change. I pushed aside the blind to look out, but our cicerone—who was in the midst of an eloquent dissertation to his attentive flock at the other end of the room—caught sight of me, and uttering a cry of horror rushed towards me and quickly pulled down the blind again. "Es ist verboten," he explained, and further added that no

one was allowed to look out of that window when the Emperor was away, for—with a twinkle in his eye—the guard would most certainly have thought I was his Majesty and saluted me accordingly.

I am afraid we were not so impressed by the dining-rooms as was expected of us, sky-blue hangings, bright maroon furniture, and a good deal of malachite about, having a very dazzling effect. But we did full justice to some exquisite old goblets and vases in silver and crystal, and to two beautiful little groups in silver—presentations to the Kaiser—one representing himself seated with a map on his knee, Von Roon on one side leaning on a piece of ordnance, on the other side Bismarck and Moltke with field-glasses. A splendid quartet indeed—the makers of an empire! The other group too was very fine and expressive, and represented the Emperor and the then Crown Prince shaking hands after Sedan. But I must close these fragmentary touches. Of course there are a certain number of '*objets d'art*' and fine things to be seen—presents from foreign potentates, etc.—but taken altogether one feels that this palace of one of the greatest sovereigns of this century may be said to be least of all in regard to luxurious or costly embellishments of any kind.—As such to many, perhaps, it may be the more interesting, certainly we may say it was to ourselves.—G.M.S.

Song to the Emperor.

The enthusiasm of the German people at the time of the great war, which resulted in the establishment of the present empire under the leadership of Prussia, found expression at the time and afterwards in an immense outburst of patriotic song. Julius Sturm, one of the most popular living sacred poets, thus described it at the time:—

Scarce counts more bayonets all Germany
In this great war than songs of victory.

* * * * *
With songs we rise, with songs to rest we go,
And stretch tired limbs upon our couches low.
And as we close our eyes when sleep draws near,
The stanzas and the sonnets still we hear.
Do you complain? I pray you do not blame;
The tide of song doth once again proclaim
How freshly beats the heart of Germany.

The enthusiasm was felt by no class more deeply than the students in the universities. The following song fairly represents the national feeling in relation to the late emperor and the work which he accomplished. It is taken from the twenty-fifth edition of the Student's Song Book (*Allgemeines Deutsches Commersbuch*), 1885, which is used at the social meetings of the corps and associations at the universities. It is one of the songs that have been added to the collection in this edition. The author was a man of business, from which he retired in 1875 in order to devote himself to his favourite pursuits. He is the author of the volume of legends, and has contributed poems to various periodicals.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG AUERBACH.

Germany, in days of darkness,
Cried, Oh! when will come the man
Who the ancient feud can settle
And the Empire raise who can?
Hoary hero, in the battle
Thou didst come, in thickest fight,
Kaiser William, thou the Germans
Didst on bloody fields unite!
Kaiser William, thou the Germans
Didst on bloody fields unite!

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North and south, as brothers banded,
With rejoicing followed thee ;
Then fell off the shameful thorn-crown
From the brow of Germany !
Proud and free among the nations
Can she now lift up her eye.
Kaiser William, German honour
Never stood before so high !
Kaiser William, German honour
Never stood before so high !

German leader, as thou stoodest
When the tempest raged around,
So in German peace and labour
Mayst thou in the van be found !
Shield what German skill createth,
And the burgher's busy hand ;
Kaiser William, long in blessing
Rule thou o'er our German land !
Kaiser William, long in blessing
Rule thou o'er our German land.

JOHN KELLY.

The Queen and General Gordon.

The collection of letters from General Gordon to his sister, Miss M. A. Gordon, published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., is dedicated, by special permission, to the Queen, and her Majesty has allowed the two following letters, written by herself to Miss Gordon after her brother's death, to be printed in the volume :—

Osborne, 17th Feb. 1885.

Dear Miss Gordon,

How shall I write to you, or how shall I attempt to express what I feel ! To think of your dear, noble, heroic Brother, who served his Country and his Queen so truly, so heroically, with self-sacrifice so edifying to the World, not having been rescued. That the promises of support were not fulfilled—which I so frequently and constantly pressed on those who asked him to go—is to me *grisly inexplicable* ! indeed, it has made me ill ! My heart bleeds for you, his Sister, who have gone through so many anxieties on his account, and who loved the dear Brother as he deserved to be. You are all so good and trustful, and have such strong faith, that you will be sustained even now, when *real* absolute evidence of your dear Brother's death does not exist—but I fear there cannot be much doubt of it. Some day I hope to see you again, to tell you all I cannot express. My daughter Beatrice, who has felt quite as I do, wishes me to express her deepest sympathy with you. I hear so many expressions of sorrow and sympathy from abroad : from my eldest daughter, the Crown Princess, and from my Cousin, the King of the Belgians,—the very warmest. Would you express to your other Sisters and your elder Brother my true sympathy, and what I do so keenly feel, the *saints* left upon England for your dear Brother's cruel, though heroic, fate !

Ever,

Dear Miss Gordon,

Yours sincerely and sympathisingly.

V. R. I.

Windsor Castle,
March 16th, 1885.

Dear Miss Gordon,

It is most kind and good of you to give me this precious Bible, and I only hope that you are not depriving yourself and family of such a treasure, if you have no other. May I ask you, during how many years your dear, heroic Brother had it with him ? I shall have a case made for it with an inscription, and place it in the Library here, with your letter and the touching extract from his last to you. I have ordered, as you know, a Marble Bust of your dear Brother to be placed in the Corridor here, where so many Busts and Pictures of our greatest Generals and Statesmen are, and

hope that you will see it before it is finished, to give your opinion as to the likeness.

Believe me always, yours very sincerely,

VICTORIA R. I.

[“The Bible here referred to,” Miss Gordon says in a note, “was one used by my Brother for many years, and was his constant companion when at Gravesend, Galatz, and during his first sojourn in the Soudan ; it was then so worn out that he gave it to me. Hearing that the Queen would like to see it, I forwarded it to Windsor Castle, and subsequently offered it to her Majesty, who was graciously pleased to accept it. The Bible is now placed in the South Corridor in the private apartments, enclosed in an enamel and crystal case, called the ‘St. George’s Casket,’ where it lies open on a white satin cushion, with a marble bust of General Gordon on a pedestal beside it.”]

Thoughts and Words of General Gordon.

From the “Letters of General Gordon to his Sister” (Macmillan) we give a few detached passages.

USEFUL ADDITIONS TO EDUCATION.

“If I had sons I certainly would teach them a little of most trades—amongst others, bootmaking. You have no idea how feeble one feels not knowing these things. People in our position of life must see the time has gone past for sinecure posts, that their sons, or grandsons, at any rate, must be prepared for the colonies. What a number of useless boys there are, who cannot even write a good hand—I can’t, I know. I had a signal failure with my repairs on my boats to-day. A little carpentering, black and tin smithing, shoemaking, and tailoring would be a real gift to a young man ; he would be prouder of himself, feeling, ‘Let the worst come to the worst, I am not useless.’ I declare I feel for the poor little chaps of the future, if we give the A B C education we do now. Large schools are, to most boys, not an advantage, but the reverse. What earthly use will the Latin, Greek, or algebra be to thousands who have learnt, and probably forgotten, them ?

“Looking at many one knows, they never need have learnt more than reading, writing, arithmetic, history, and geography. A disastrous war would close the army, except to strong men who were soldiers only. It seems cowardly to say it, but I am glad I was born when I was. I imagine six months would give a boy a good insight into all trades—sufficient to let him carry on any one with ease if he chose to pursue it in after years.”

ANGLO-INDIAN LIFE.

“India is the most wretched of countries. The way Europeans live there is absurd in its luxury ; they seem so utterly effeminate, and not to have an idea beyond the rupee. I nearly burst with the trammels which are put on one. I declare I think we are not far off losing it. I should say it was the worst school for young people. Every one is always grumbling, which amuses me. The united salaries of four judges were £22,000 a year. A. B. had been five years in India, and had received in that time £37,000 ! It cannot last. How truly glad I am to have broken with the whole lot ; £100,000 a year would not have kept me there.”

DOWN-GRADE IN BRITISH MANUFACTURE AND TRADE.

“I declare the products of Great Britain have terribly fallen off. You can never get a good thing nowadays. You are interested in the ‘Eastern Question,’ I feel sure it is nearly all over with us. I hope it may come after our day, but I think we are on the decline. It is money, money, money with us. We put lime in our cotton, and are full of tricks in every trade. You must see it yourself in the things you buy. It may be fancy, but to my mind for the last fifteen years our products have deteriorated. Now falsehood in trade shows want of morality in the nation ; and when morality—i.e., honesty—is lacking, the end is not far off.”

LAW AND GOSPEL.

People like the Law much better than the Gospel dispensation. The one is much more easy to follow ; they give a lot

of sacrifices, follow ceremonies and washings. The other needs circumcision of heart and inward purification, and is much more searching and troublesome to the flesh. That is the reason why people follow the Law. It allows them to think something of themselves, while the Gospel dispensation does not.

SPURGEON'S SERMONS.

"I found six or seven sermons of Spurgeon in the hotel (at Jaffa) and read them. I like him; he is very earnest. He says, 'I believe that not a worm is picked up by a bird without direct intervention of God, yet I believe entirely in man's free will; but I cannot and do not pretend to reconcile the two.'"

FATALISM AND FAITH.

"It is a delightful thing to be a fatalist—not as that word is generally employed, but to accept that, *when* things happen, and *not* before, God has for some wise reason so ordained them: *all* things, not only the great things, but all the circumstances of life. We have nothing further to do, when the scroll of events is unrolled, than to accept them as being for the best; but *before it is unrolled* it is another matter, for you would not say, 'I sat still and let things happen.' With this belief, all I can say is that, amidst troubles and worries, no one can have peace till he thus stays upon his God; *that* gives a superhuman strength."

ENOUGH FOR THE DAY IS ITS EVIL.

A copy of the following lines hung in Gordon's bedroom at Southampton :

"Oh, ask not thou, 'How shall I bear
The burden of to-morrow?'
Sufficient for the day the care,
Its evil and its sorrow;
God imparts by the way
Strength sufficient for the day.

Great Yellow River Inundation.—By the last accounts received from China it appears that the flood waters of the Yellow River are finding their way to the southward by the Grand Canal and the great River Yang-tsze-Kiang. Strenuous efforts are being made by the Chinese officers, both civil and military, to repair the broken embankment, and though their first attempts were swept away with great loss of life to the workmen, they are not relaxing their labour in this direction, owing to the imperative orders from Peking to make renewed exertions, joined with the threat of punishment if not speedily successful. The bank was not yet repaired, but confident hopes were entertained of controlling the flood when the water of the river was at its lowest level in April. The people living near the flooded district are expecting that on the subsidence of the water they may profit by the extremely fertilising character of the deposit left on the land by the water of the river. Such has always been the case in former calamities of a like nature. The silt deposited by the water mixing with the Loess formation of the surface of the country yields an abundant harvest—as in Egypt after the Nile floods. And this compensates the people in one direction for their great losses by the inundation. It is greatly to the credit of the Chinese authorities that they have risen to the occasion. The latest news is very satisfactory so far as the distribution of rice, clothing, and money by the Government is concerned. [We take this opportunity of acknowledging our indebtedness to the Rev. W. Muirhead, of the London Missionary Society, for the Chinese Map of the Inundation which we gave in March last (p. 166), and to Mr. Lockhart, of Blackheath, for his accompanying explanation.]

Musical Dexterity.—In a lecture on science by Sir James Paget, the following fact was mentioned:—Science would supply the natural life of man with wonders uncounted. He (Sir James Paget) remembered once hearing Mdlle. Janotta play a presto by Mendelssohn, and he counted the notes and the time occupied. She played 5,595 notes in 4 min. 3 sec. It seemed startling, but let them look at it in the fair amount of its wonder. Every one of those notes involved certain movements of a finger, at least two, and

many of them involved an additional movement laterally as well as those up and down. They also involved repeated movements of the wrists, elbows, and arms, altogether probably not less than one movement for each note. Therefore there were three distinct movements for each note. As there were 24 notes per second, and each of those notes involved three distinct musical movements, that amounted to 72 movements in each second. Moreover, each of those notes was determined by the will to a chosen place, with a certain force, at a certain time, and with a certain duration. Therefore there were four distinct qualities in each of the 72 movements in each second. Such were the transmissions outwards. And all those were conditional on consciousness of the position of each hand and each finger before it was moved, and, while moving it, the sound of each note and the force of each touch. Therefore there were three conscious sensations for every note. There were 72 transmissions per second, 144 to and fro, and those with constant change of quality. Let them imagine it in telegraph wires. And then, added to that, all the time the memory was remembering each note in its due time and place, and was exercised in the comparison of it with others that came before. So that it would be fair to say that there were not less than 200 transmissions of nerve force to and from the brain outwards and inwards every second, and during the whole of that time judgment was being exercised as to whether the music was being played worse or better than before, and the mind was conscious of some of the emotions which the music was intended to impress. That was really one of such wonders.

The One Foundation.—A few years ago, when serious changes were proposed to be made in the national Church of Prussia, and also in the schools, the Emperor, in an address which was published to the whole nation, used these weighty expressions:—“The Christian religion is the foundation on which we must abide. There is a movement in the present day in the churches—a leading astray of souls, which deeply grieves me; and a falling away from religion as the sole basis of morality. Our religious education must become much deeper, and more and more decided. That is of greater importance in the education of the young than the quantity of knowledge: the scientific training of the intellect will not produce moral elevation of character. If there is anything that can give stability in the present life, it is the one only foundation which is laid in Christ Jesus. We must all build on the one foundation of the Bible and the Gospel.” I was very much struck at the time by the value of this testimony to the whole nation, and, indeed, to all nations, especially in this day of confusion.—Dr. Adolph Saphir.

English Spiked Here.—We are accustomed to laugh at the amazing blunders often made by Frenchmen in describing social life in England. Our American cousins sometimes make strange slips. A New York paper, mentioning the recent death of the Dean of Rochester, said his name was familiar as one of the authors of Liddell and Scott's Greek Dictionary. The writer then tells an anecdote of this Dr. Liddell, whom he designates as Head Master of the Blue Coat School, or Christ's Hospital, London, confounding this with Christ Church, Oxford! The story is that Dr. Liddell, looking over the exercise of a Blue Coat boy, challenged a word, and asked the authority. “Liddell and Scott's Lexicon,” said the boy. “Dear me! dear me!” said the doctor, “what can Mr. Scott have been thinking about?”

Nelson and a One-armed Sailor.—When Nelson, with his victorious fleet, arrived at Yarmouth from Copenhagen, he was received with great enthusiasm by a vast crowd assembled on the old jetty, where he landed. In the Market Place, where the military were drawn up, the magistrates and public personages were ready to receive him. Nelson made his way straight to the naval hospital, heedless of the crowds and clamour of the populace, the wounded having been sent from the Baltic before his arrival. The scene in the Yarmouth hospital was witnessed, and is recorded, by Dr. Gooch, then house surgeon assistant, afterwards an eminent physician in London, and in his latter years the principal librarian to the King, an office to which he was appointed on the promotion of Dr. Sumner to a bishopric. Dr. Gooch

had always been fond of literature, and his health made the post acceptable on his retirement from practice in 1826. Among the recollections of his early medical life there are few of more general interest than the anecdote of Nelson at Yarmouth, when he was, as yet, only a surgeon's apprentice. "I went round the wards with him, and was much interested in observing his demeanour to the sailors; he stopped at every bed, and to every man he had something kind and cheering to say; at length he stopped opposite a bed on which a sailor was lying, who had lost his right arm close to the shoulder joint, and the following short dialogue took place between them:—'Well, Jack,' said the Admiral, 'what's the matter with you?' 'Lost my right arm, your honour.' Nelson paused, looked down at his own empty sleeve, then at the sailor, and said playfully, 'Well, Jack, then you and I are spoiled for fishermen—cheer up, my brave fellow!' and he passed briskly on to the next bed; but these few words had a magical effect upon the poor fellow, for I saw his eyes sparkle with delight as Nelson turned away and pursued his course through the wards."

The Home of the Blizzard.—Our paper on this subject (p. 229) was already at press when news arrived of the great snowstorm which overwhelmed New York. We add a few facts for the convenience of future reference. The snow driving before the gale, and suddenly arrested by the buildings, which prevented it from being carried out to sea, built itself, as it has been said, into ramparts which cut off one city from another, and district from district within the cities themselves. The avenues were filled up with snow to the height of many feet. In the Broadway it lay to the height of from six to ten feet, and at the end of the week an army of thousands of men and horses and carts and trucks were working all the night long to shovel something like a passage through it. At first the shopkeepers could not open their shops; business men could not reach their offices. As a consequence of this the banks could not get at the money in their safes, the holders of the keys not having arrived; the newspapers could not bring out their ordinary editions; and even the Stock Exchange found that practically it could do no business, and so was soon closed. Many persons were afterwards found standing bolt upright in the snow, where they had been frozen to death in the familiar streets of their own city. The bodies of the dead had to remain for days unburied. It may be easily imagined that a very few hours sufficed to send up the price of food. Milk was sold in New York for two shillings a quart.

Scotchmen in London.—In the year 1507, Queen Elizabeth commanded the Bishop of London to take a survey of all strangers within the cities of London and Westminster. By this report, which was very minute, it appears that the whole number of Scots at that time was fifty-eight. A survey of the same kind was made in 1568, by the Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Row. The number of Scots, as recorded in Strype's annals, had then increased to eighty-eight. On the accession of King James, in 1603, a large number of his Scottish countrymen, chiefly of the higher classes, with their servants, migrated to London with the Court. It was not, however, till more than a century later, after the Union, that the intercourse between the two nations became considerable. The number of Scotchmen in London gradually increased, and the English aversion to their presence and their influence also increased, as the records of history and of literature show, in the time of Wilkes and Bute, and of Johnson and Boswell. There are now probably more Scotchmen in London than there are in Edinburgh.

The Reredos in St. Paul's.—Much comment has been made about this structure in its religious aspect; but, apart from questions of Protestant or Popish analogies, the following criticism from the mere artistic view has been given by Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, one the trustees of the Restoration Fund. He thinks that the Reredos is not in harmony with the grand simplicity of Wren's design: "Mr. Stevens, in his superb monument to the late Duke of Wellington, has shown how an artist of the true Wren stamp can keep perfect faith with the great master's ideas and surroundings without any sacrifice of his own originality of invention. The example thus shown should have been followed in the case of the new altar and screen. But the Dean and Chapter have,

apparently, no sympathy with 'noble simplicity' in church architecture, or perhaps do not understand it, for they have now put together, at an extravagant cost, a confused mass of coloured marbles, gilding, 'Madonne,' angels, saints, doors leading nowhere, and Latin inscriptions; a jumble suggestive both of Versailles and the church of the Miracoli at Venice, highly pleasing to those whom Wren calls 'persons of little skill in architecture,' and possibly satisfactory to ritual aspirations; but a cursory examination will demonstrate—first, that the sculptures are of a quality which ought not now to be seen in St. Paul's; and, secondly, that the introduction of a panelled story underneath the columns and the erection of a tall, unmeaning superstructure depressing the main pediment render the whole composition the absolute negation of classical proportion and the very reverse of anything which Wren had ever proposed or done. Although I was a promoter of the removal of the organs in St. Paul's to their present position, I have never hitherto quite reconciled myself to the translation of Wren's epitaph—'Lector, si monum-
mentum requiris, circumspice'—to the north transept; but now I rejoice in the change, because the reader sees only the original work of the great master, and necessarily turns his back upon the Dean and Chapter's 'new improvement.'

A Ship from England.—The Centennial number of the Sydney illustrated paper, "Town and Country Journal," gives an amusing account of the way in which the arrival of a vessel from "the old country" was greeted a century ago. "We take things more coolly now," the editor says.—"The pleasing intelligence that an English ship has entered the Heads has been known for some time in Sydney, although she has not yet come within sight of the city; for Moffitt the pilot is on board, and he has spoken, in the language of his profession, to the signal post on the South Head, which has in its turn addressed itself to the citizens of Sydney and the inhabitants of Paramatta. Conjecture is afloat about the name and cargo of the vessel. Some are expecting friends, and others merchandise. But all entertain some hopes of letters from home. It is accordingly no wonder that the signal of a vessel from England is always a welcome sight to natives of that country, or their descendants now dwelling at the antipodes of their fatherland."

Lord Barham.—Sir Charles Middleton, afterwards Lord Barham, was First Lord of the Admiralty in the early years of the great wars with Napoleon. His wise and prompt measures were praised in the highest terms by Nelson. Yet he was a man ridiculed in those times as a "saint" and a "Methodist." He allowed no work to be done in the dockyards on Sunday; yet he managed to comply with the urgent and rapid demands of Nelson, whose circumstances and uncommon movements required no ordinary energy in the supply of his resources. When Lord Barham retired, in a good old age, to his seat in Kent, Rowland Hill paid him an annual visit. The venerable peer often came to the door to welcome his friend's arrival, and Mr. Hill used to say, "Nothing cheered him more than to see 'the silvery locks and heavenly smiles of the good old lord,' as he stood to receive him under the portico of the house at Barham Court."

George III in the Private Chapel at Windsor.—A gentleman who was present in the private chapel, about a year before his Majesty's last illness, has given a touching description of the scene as witnessed by him. He says, "As the clock struck 8 a.m., the gates of the castle were opened, and the King was conducted to the private chapel by an attendant, who left him there alone. The chaplain soon after came, and while he was looking over the prayer-book after his private devotion, the King was led to his chair, having entered the chapel followed by two of the princesses and a lady in waiting. When the service began his Majesty acted as clerk through every prayer in audible voice. At the petition 'Give peace in our time, O Lord,' his Majesty, with his hands uplifted, responded 'Because there is none other that fighteth for us,' adding, with the strongest emphasis, 'but only thou, O God!' The King followed the chaplain through the Psalms, apparently very seldom at a loss, but saying the words as correctly as if he possessed his eyesight, and had a book before him. The words of the Creed were repeated after the minister with specially distinct

and audible voice. I afterwards saw his Majesty's prayer-book, and was shown that where we implore the Almighty to bless and preserve 'Thy servant George, our most gracious King and governor,' these words had been crossed through with a pen, and the words substituted in the King's own writing, 'An unworthy sinner.' That the devoutness of the King in public worship did not consist in outward form, we know from the whole tenor of his life, and notably from what is recorded of the deeply affecting interviews with his favourite daughter the Princess Amelia, during her last illness. 'My dear child,' he said, on one of these occasions, 'you have always been a good child to your parents; we have nothing to reproach you with; but I need not tell you that it is not of yourself that you can be saved, and that your acceptance with God must depend on your faith and trust in the merits of the Redeemer.' 'I know it,' said the Princess, gently, yet decidedly, 'I know it, and I could wish for no better trust.' It was truly a striking scene, the old and almost blind father, bending over the couch, and thus speaking to his loved child."

The First Christian Minister in Australia.—In a narrative of the condition of Sydney, New South Wales, in 1789, is the following entry:—"By the side of a small stream at the head of a cave the Governor pitched his tent; and on the first Sunday divine service was performed under a great tree by the Rev. Mr. Johnson." This Mr. Johnson was an English episcopal clergyman sent out by the Government to look after the spiritual welfare of the first batches of convicts sent to Australia. He was a friend of Cowper the poet, and the Rev. John Newton, of Olney, and St. Mary Woolnoth. A large number of letters from Newton to Johnson, whom he playfully calls "Metropolitan and Patriarch of the Australian Colonies," has come into the possession of the Religious Tract Society, extracts from which will appear in the "Sunday at Home." They contain many interesting references to events in England and Australia a century ago.

An Emperor's Catechism.—When the late Emperor of Germany was once on a visit in a distant part of his dominions, he was welcomed by the school children of the village. Taking an orange from a plate he asked, "To what kingdom does this belong?" "To the vegetable kingdom, Sire," replied a dear little girl. He then took a gold coin out of his pocket, and holding it up asked, "And to what kingdom does this belong?" "To the mineral kingdom, Sire," replied the child. "And to what kingdom do I belong then?" asked the Emperor. The little girl coloured deeply, for she did not like to say "the animal kingdom" lest his Majesty should be offended, when a bright thought came into her mind, and she said, "To God's kingdom, Sire." The Emperor was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He put his hands on the child's head and said most devoutly, "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

Kalkbrenner the Pianist.—This eminent performer had a ridiculous vanity in respect to his alleged aristocratic descent. "Do you know," he one day said to a friend, "that the nobility of my family dates as far back as the Crusades? One of my ancestors accompanied the Emperor Barbarossa." "On the piano?" asked his friend.

Promoted by Readiness of Wit.—The Emperor Napoleon was reviewing some troops in the Place de Carrousel, when his horse became very restive, and in his efforts to keep his seat his hat fell to the ground. A lieutenant, Rabusson, picked it up, and stepping forward restored it to the Emperor. "Thank you, captain," said Napoleon, still engaged in quieting his charger. "In what regiment?" quietly asked the officer. The Emperor looked at him, and smiling, replied, "In the Guard." The new captain received a few days afterwards the commission, which he owed to his presence of mind, but which the Emperor found he well deserved for his character and capacity.

Only a Girl.—The appearance of a daughter and not a son as the first-born of the Queen seems to have caused a little natural disappointment to the father and mother as well as to the people of England. Prince Albert wrote to his father at Coburg, saying, "I should certainly have liked it

better if it had been a son, as would Victoria also." But he added, "the little one is very well and very merry." We are told that when the firing of the guns announced the event to the city of London, the common remark was, "Only a girl!" In the case of a royal birth, where the affairs of a kingdom are more in the public view than those of the home and the family into which the little stranger has come, this feeling may be expected. But for our part we think that when questions of property or position are not concerned, it is usually the best thing for the family that the first-born should be a girl. How often we see the eldest daughter proving a true help to her parents, and exerting the influence of a good angel in the home! It is very seldom that we have sympathy, at any time of life, with this expression, "Only a girl."

However this may be, the girl princess was christened at Buckingham Palace, where she was born; the day chosen being the 10th February, the anniversary of the marriage of the Queen and the Prince. King Leopold of Belgium, the Queen's uncle, stood as chief sponsor at the baptism, when the child was named Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa. Her life has been prolonged to see her children's children. Long live the Empress of Germany.

Thomas à Beckett.—Of the body of Thomas à Beckett, the alleged re-discovery of which has been much discussed, the following statement appears in Thomas Fuller's Church History. "Archbishop Langton, just a jubilee after Becket's death, removed the body from the place in Christ Church, where first it was buried, and laid him, at his own charge, in a most sumptuous shrine, at the east end of the church. Here the rust of the sword that killed him was afterwards tendered to pilgrims to kiss. Here many miracles were pretended to be wrought by this saint, in number two hundred and twenty. They might as well have been brought up to four hundred, and made as many as Baal's lying prophets; though even then one prophet of the Lord, one Micaiah, one true miracle, were worth them all."

A Liberal Coloured Man.—A Mr. Gaunt, a wealthy coloured resident of Greene County, Ohio, has deeded property valued at \$30,000 to Wilberforce University (for coloured people). The greatest single donation heretofore made to the College has been \$5,000.

Defence of London.—On various occasions the best military advisers have recommended the formation of artificial mounds for artillery stations round London. Why should not "the unemployed" be turned to use in preparing these earthworks?

First Great Seal of Australia.—In 1791 H.M.S. Gorgon took out to Australia the first Great Colonial Seal. On the obverse were the royal arms, and on the margin the royal titles. On the reverse was a representation of convicts landing at Botany Bay, and received by the genius of Industry, who, surrounded by a bale of merchandise, a pickaxe, and a shovel, is releasing them from their fetters, and pointing to oxen ploughing, and a town rising on the summit of a hill, with a fort for its protection; while the masts of a ship are seen in the Bay. In the margin are the words: "Sigillum Nov. Camb. Aust.," and the motto, "Sic fortis Etruria crevit." The seal was of silver, and weighed 40 oz. This seal was replaced in 1817 by a new territorial seal.

Astronomical Almanack for May.

1	T	⊕ rises 4.33 A.M.	17	T	⊕ rises 4.6 A.M.
2	W	⊕ 3 Quarter 11.47 P.M.	18	F	⊕ 1 Quarter 11.5 P.M.
3	T	Mars S. 10.6 P.M.			[Easter Law Sittings, end
4	F	Clock after ⊕ 3m. 24s.	19	S	Twilight ends 11.40 P.M.
5	S	Jupiter S. 1.14 A.M.	20	S	WHIT SUNDAY
6	S	ROGATION SUNDAY	21	M	Banks and Genl. Holiday
7	M	Virgo S. 10.14 P.M.	22	T	Draco in zenith 2.0 A.M.
8	T	⊕ sets 7.32 P.M.	23	W	⊕ sets 7.54 P.M.
9	W	⊕ greatest distance from ⊕	24	T	Queen Victoria born 1819
10	T	Ascension Day	25	F	Full Moon 1.40 P.M.
11	F	New Moon 1.24 A.M.	26	S	⊕ rises 3.55 A.M.
12	S	⊕ rises 4.14 A.M.	27	S	TRINITY SUNDAY
13	S	SUN. AFTER ASCENSION	28	M	Clock after ⊕ 2m. 55s.
14	M	Daybreak 1.10 A.M.	29	T	Trin. Law Sittings begin
15	T	⊕ sets 7.43 P.M.	30	W	Mars sets 1.54 A.M.
16	W	Saturn near ⊕	31	T	⊕ sets 8.4 P.M.

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AS A TOILET REQUISITE
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GODFREY'S EXTRACT of ELDER FLOWERS
BITTEN BY INSECTS.
GODFREY'S EXTRACT of ELDER FLOWERS
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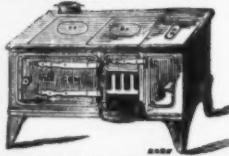
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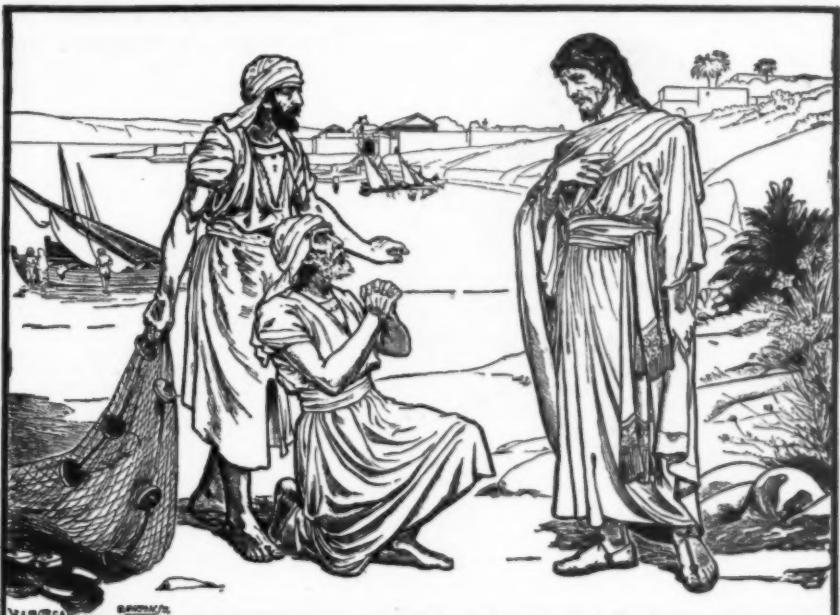
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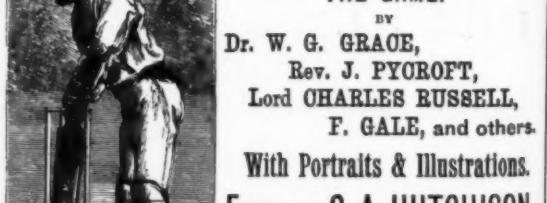
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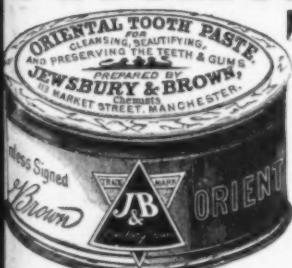
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